

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

No. 1,027

AUGUST 3, 1889

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GRAPHIC

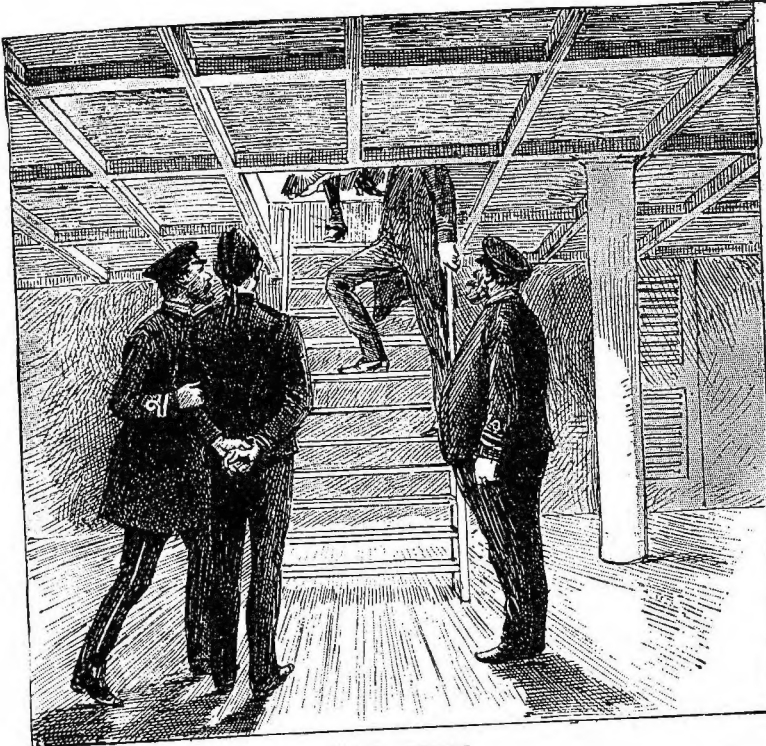
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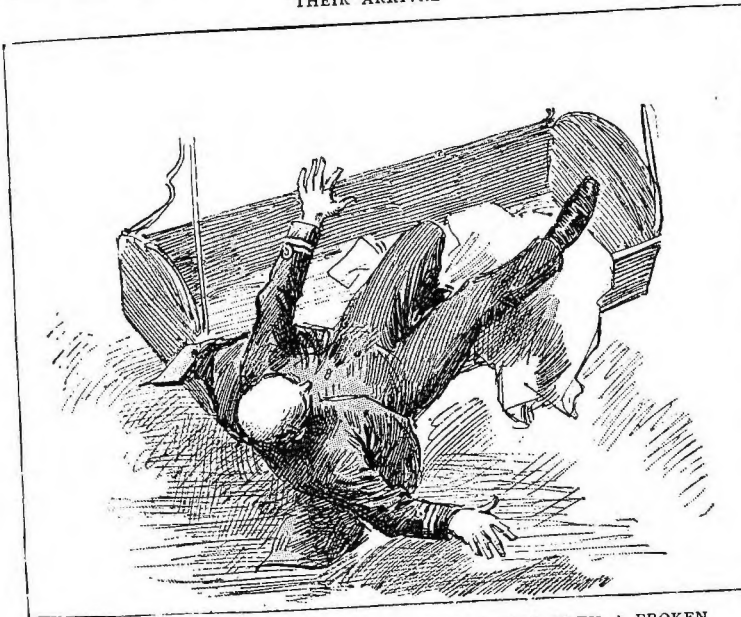
THEIR ARRIVAL



THE GUNNERY LIEUTENANT SHOWS THAT THE MECHANISM OF A BREECH-LOADING GUN IS SO PERFECT THAT A CHILD COULD OPEN THE BREECH



THE MARINE OFFICER JAMS HIS FINGER IN EXPLAINING THE ACTION OF THE QUICK-FIRING CANNON



THE DOCTOR ASSURES THE LADIES THAT A MAN WITH A BROKEN LEG COULD EASILY GET INTO A SWING COT



THE LADIES' ENJOYMENT IS MARRED BY FINDING THAT FRESH PAINT IS ADHESIVE



BUT THEIR AMIABILITY IS RESTORED BY THE ATTENTION WITH WHICH WE TRY TO REMOVE THE STAINS

LADIES' VISIT TO AN IRONCLAD



## Topics of the Week

**RADICAL DISUNION.**—The Liberal Unionists are constantly blamed for what is called their disloyalty to their former political chief. After the events of the last ten days it will not be very easy for those Radicals who have any respect for logic to go on repeating this accusation. They will of course say that fidelity to conviction made it necessary for them to break away from Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the Royal Grants; and no doubt this is perfectly true. But cannot Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain say precisely the same thing with regard to Home Rule? The only difference between the two cases is that the question which led to the revolt of the Liberal Unionists is infinitely more important than that which has induced Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Labouchere to assert their independence. The new Dissident Liberals are never tired of proclaiming that, notwithstanding their votes on this occasion, Mr. Gladstone's position as the leader of the Liberal party will be in no way changed. This, however, is by no means certain. It used to be thought that he exercised almost absolute authority over his followers; but now it has been shown that there are very decided limits to his influence, and that the Gladstonian party includes elements which might easily become, to some extent, mutually hostile. If even Mr. Gladstone cannot hope under all circumstances to maintain Radical unity, it is hardly possible to avoid speculating as to the probable course of events when the time comes for the selection of his successor. Which of the Radicals is likely to be powerful enough to undertake the task which the most famous of living English statesmen finds too difficult for him? It cannot be seriously thought that Mr. Labouchere is the future Radical leader; and there is not much evidence that the party, as a whole, could be dominated either by Sir William Harcourt or by Mr. Morley. It seems not improbable that the Radicals have before them a time of considerable confusion, and that the Conservatives will profit largely by their dissensions.

**THE CHURCHILL PROGRAMME.**—There is no fear of politics becoming stagnant so long as Lord Randolph Churchill is to the fore. His present outburst in the Midlands has awakened the public once more to the fact that he is a force which no party can afford to overlook. Erratic, unstable, inconsistent, undisciplined as he is, he possesses two gifts of great price. People eagerly listen to what he says, whatever be the subject and however eccentric its treatment, while even his wildest excesses do not sensibly detract from his popularity. Just now, Conservatives are gnashing their teeth at him and proclaiming him a renegade for his plunge into Socialistic Radicalism at Walsall. It certainly is a very "advanced" programme that he calls upon Tories to adopt; the sort of scheme that Mr. Chamberlain used to fling about in the days when he was prolific of "unauthorised" set-pieces. But precious as such a recruit as Lord Randolph would be to the "New Radicals," they do not display any exuberance of joy at his conversion to their tenets. Who is to trust a statesman whose greatest delight it is, apparently, always to make to day contradict yesterday? There lies Lord Randolph's abiding sin; like Dame Quickly, you never know where to have him. Sometimes he enunciates sentiments and principles which win the approval even of high-and-dry-Tories; scarcely have the echoes died out of the air when—hey, presto! Conservatism gives place to Radicalism, and the stern upholder of the Constitution hits away, like a very Samson, at its pillars. And so this brilliantly-gifted and popular young man soars like a comet through the political skies, friendless and forlorn among the immutable stars.

**ATTITUDE OF THE PARNELLITES.**—The almost unanimous vote given by the Irish Nationalist party against the two successive amendments brought forward respectively by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Morley on the Royal Grants question is surely a noteworthy phenomenon. Only a few weeks ago any politician would have confidently prophesied that, in answer to such a proposal, the Parnellites would have voted solid against the Government. Still more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that the Press, as a whole, has been remarkably chary in its comments on this incident. The reason, however, for this reticence is not far to seek. Conservative organs, naturally, have no desire to say uncivil things of opponents who, usually irreconcilable, have on this occasion gone into the Government lobby for the avowed purpose of strengthening the Monarchy. Radical organs, on the other hand, feel obliged to speak very cautiously, fearing to offend a party which is in most other matters in close alliance with themselves, and therefore they speak of the vote as a trifling aberration from the right path, given by the Parnellites as a personal tribute of gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for his signal services to the cause of Home Rule. Certainly the incident indicates how well disciplined are the Irish Nationalists. They march like a regiment. What the colonel orders, the men execute. On the first amendment Mr. T. P. O'Connor was the only defaulter. In his case, probably, the claims even of Irish Nationalism are tempo-

rary overridden by the exigencies of his position as a London Radical editor. On the second amendment there was a slight increase in the number of defaulters. Mr. Biggar is probably a law unto himself; otherwise it would be interesting to speculate why, with two amendments before him as like as two peas, he refused the one and accepted the other. But it would be more useful to know why Mr. Parnell, who is nothing if not cool and calculating, decided on this step. The most obvious explanation is that he wished to show that a man need not cease to be loyal to the Crown because he is a Home Ruler.

**GENERAL BOULANGER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.**—It is too early to assume that because General Boulanger has not succeeded in the cantonal elections he will therefore fail in the General Election. The conditions will be widely different when an appeal on broad political issues is made to the country. At the same time, it is hard to believe that if General Boulanger had been as popular as he was some months ago he would have received so decided a rebuff from the cantons. The ground selected for a fight was of his own choosing, and he is too astute not to see that a considerable impression will probably be produced by the result. There can be little doubt that the vigour with which the Government have proceeded against him has done something to lessen his influence, for Frenchmen always have much more respect for authorities that know how to defend the system they represent than for timid rulers. The brilliant success of the Exhibition must also be taken into account, and it may be that a certain proportion of the electors have been reflecting whether the Republic, after all, is not at least as suitable for the country as a Dictatorship. Whatever may be the causes that have been at work, it is to be hoped that they will go on operating in the same direction, and that they will be reinforced by other influences of a like tendency. The Republic has undoubtedly been in some respects a failure, but it is capable of improvement, and the question whether it shall or shall not be made more effective is one that depends wholly upon the will of the people themselves. The establishment of a Dictatorship, on the other hand, would simply be the first step towards far more formidable difficulties than any that have been created by the incompetence of Republican leaders. It would open the door for all sorts of intrigues, and, sooner or later, would inevitably lead to fresh revolutionary movements.

**THE NAVAL REVIEW.**—The present display of our maritime strength at Spithead is not to be considered a mere promenade. It is an "inspection;" in other words, a muster of forces which would really be available for defence at short notice. The fleet is growing in dimensions, and the Admiralty rightly thinks that there should be a sort of formal stock-taking, once a year, to convince the British nation—and perhaps other nations—that Britannia still rules the waves. It is a good idea in its way; we know from the condition of the French Army at the outbreak of the war with Germany that a fighting force on paper is sometimes very different to its combative capacity. These naval reviews, or inspections, or whatever they may be called, certainly bring together a large number of huge war ships. But, without farther test, it is impossible to say whether the whole are efficient for active service. Stories have been told before now of mighty ironclads making a brave show with half their big guns on the sick list. It is also rumoured that crews are occasionally brought up to full strength by all manner of shifty devices. It would be well, therefore, if, after the annual inspection, the assembled craft were submitted to such drastic tests as would set at rest all doubts about their efficiency. The young German Emperor will probably be filled with admiration by the grand spectacle. But he has with him some naval officers of no little experience, and their sharp eyes may be depended upon to spy out imperfections, however skilfully concealed. It is, however, more for the satisfaction of the British public than for that of foreign critics that the Admiralty should make these annual demonstrations the means of gauging the real effective strength of the First Line.

**THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.**—The protest of the thirty dissentient members has called forth a large amount of correspondence, and the total effect of this correspondence is to make fair-minded persons feel that here, as in everything else, there is a good deal to be said on the other side. Especially we would call attention to the letter of Mr. C. L. Lewes, which puts the case of the majority in a sensible and reasonable way. As he says, it is unjust to judge of the Council by its Tuesday debates only. These discussions, after all, only occupy a few hours of each week; the real work of the Council—and very onerous work it is—is done in the Committees. Then, as the Council is armed with large spending powers, it is not so absurd as some would have it appear that it should endeavour to discover the fairest way of obtaining the requisite funds. If it can be shown that ground-landlords and other wealthy proprietors have hitherto escaped their just share of taxation, surely the municipal representatives of London ought to press the fact on Parliament, which always needs a deal of pressure to make it set to work on useful remedial legislation. With Mr. Lewes's remarks on what we may call the "Speak

hup" charges we cordially agree, and the people who make such charges are really vulgarer creatures than the councillors who occasionally murder the Queen's English. Without doubt, a good deal of the prejudice existing against the County Council arises from the fact that it is far more Radical than would have been expected from the prevailing colours worn by the metropolitan representatives in Parliament. The reason for this is that the electors have various grievances which they wish to see remedied, and they think (perhaps wrongly) that men of pronounced Radical opinions are more likely to obtain these reforms than representatives whose political views necessarily coincide with the interests of the richer classes.

**A FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.**—This week a rumour has been set afloat that France and Russia have arrived at some sort of understanding which will soon lead to the formation of a Treaty of Alliance. Probably the majority of Frenchmen would not be unwilling to sanction such a compact. For many years successive French Governments have missed no opportunity of cultivating the goodwill of the Czar, and in the current number of the *New Review* M. Flourens goes so far as to speak of Russia as having accepted towards France "the mission of a protector." We may doubt whether, under existing circumstances, Russia would even dream of trying to realise the ideal after which so many French politicians have a hankering. In the first place, what solid guarantee could the Czar have that a Franco-Russian alliance would be trustworthy? He may know the sentiments of the dominant Republican party, but who can tell how long their power will last, or what would be the policy of France if she changed her system of Government? There is another and still deeper cause that will make him, we may be sure, hesitate for many a day before entering into more intimate relations with the Republic. Suppose Germany were defeated in a war with France and Russia, the result would be that France, as well as Russia, would receive an enormous accession of power. That is, political and social ideas, which are in all respects the opposite of those of the Russian ruling classes, would become immensely more important in Europe than they are to-day; and Russia would find that in France she had a more dangerous rival than she has now either in Germany or in Austria. The Russian Government is, before all things, a despotic Government, and at bottom it can have little real sympathy with a country in which even candidates for a Dictatorship are obliged to profess respect for democratic traditions and principles.

**LONDON HOSPITALS.**—Not before it was time, the Government has pledged itself to take into consideration the whole question of the London Hospitals and their management. The able speech from Lord Sandhurst which extracted this Ministerial promise showed conclusively that ample room exists for searching inquiry. It is undoubtedly the case that the multiplication of "special" hospitals during recent years has seriously diminished the incomes of the older institutions. This is a grave matter in itself, but it becomes graver still if it be true that the "special" hospitals are prone to extravagance. Sir Andrew Clarke's fancy sketch of the "Hospital for the Treatment of the Diseases of the Great Toe" has a good deal of truth at the back of its irony. There are in London, it is to be feared, hospitals which owe their origin mainly to the desire of pushing medical men to secure a standing advertisement of their skill. And when that is the *raison d'être* of a hospital or of any other institution, it would be vain to expect economical management. The chief fault lies, of course, with the public. Having taken up with the idea that complaints and diseases a little out of the common run are beyond the skill of ordinary medical men, they jump at the proposal of any scheming specialist to establish a hospital for the treatment of one class of cases or another. And so the multiplication of such places goes on every year, while the general hospitals, where all the ills that flesh is heir to are scientifically dealt with, have to close their wards for lack of funds to keep them open. It is not easy to see what the Government can do to stop this state of things, but even the knowledge that it hopes to do something may produce a beneficial effect for a time.

**COLDBATH FIELDS.**—The enormous extension of London during the last century is illustrated by the fact that when Coldbath Fields Prison was built in 1794 it was on the outskirts of the town, and, a few villages excepted, there was nothing beyond it northwards but green fields. Now it is almost in the centre of London, and one must trudge some three miles in a northerly direction before reaching anything which deserves to be called "truly rural." Owing to the removal of the prison, the site has been for some time past vacant, and it was hoped, especially as Clerkenwell is a very crowded district in which open spaces are almost non-existent, that the Government would have permitted this site to be used as a recreation-ground. There was the more reason for this course as the Housing of the Poor Commission, on which, among others, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen sat, had expressly recommended that such vacant sites should be conveyed to the local authorities for the purpose of erecting working-class dwellings. But no—the Government, who were so eager to act liberally towards





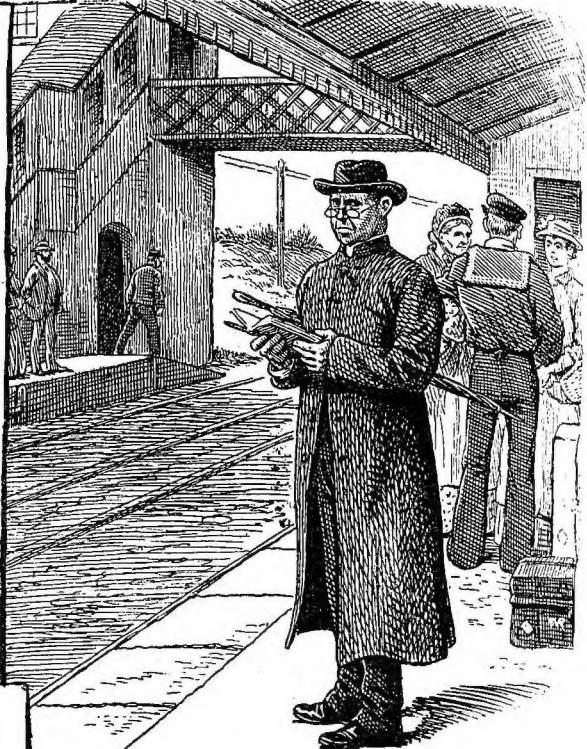




1. "Exchange is no robbery," remarked Mr. Huggins, with a glow of rapture at being able to start his career again honestly



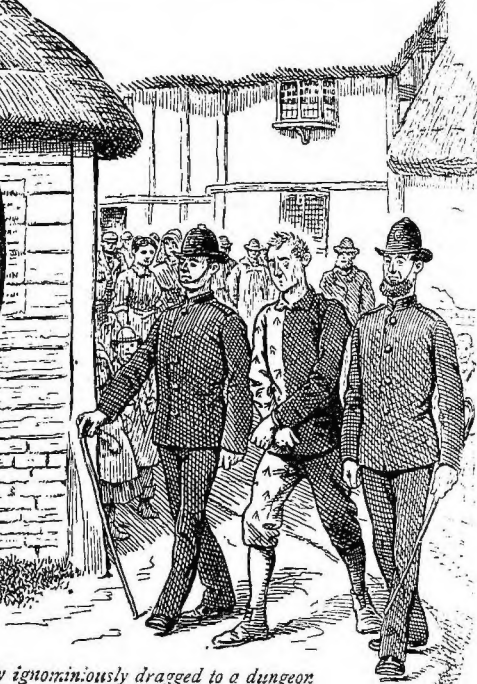
INTRODUCTION.—One morning the Rev. Archibald Jones left home to take his morning dip. A few hours earlier Mr. Huggins also left his home in search of variety



2. So doffing one suit and donning the other the Rev. Mr. Huggins awaited the London train, which in due time carried him to the field of labour he loved



3. Poor Archibald Jones was compelled to don Her Majesty's livery—when—"O, my gracious, here are the Robinson girls"



5. And finally ignominiously dragged to a dungeon

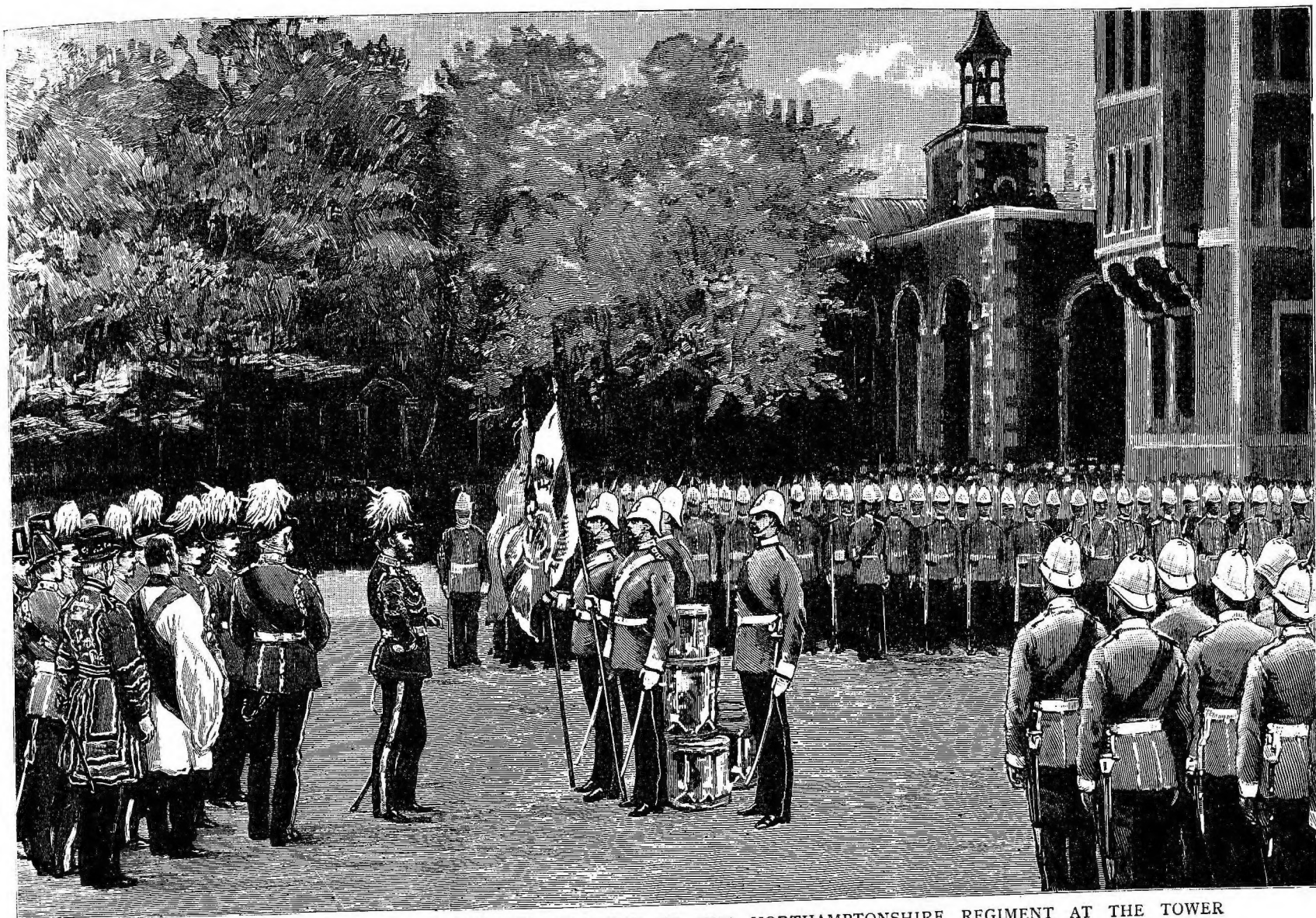


4. Trying to reach home he was discovered, chased, brought to bay



6. When all was explained, to the disgust of Constable 1 and Constable 2, whose hope of reward faded away like a beautiful dream





THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT AT THE TOWER



THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE  
MR. GLADSTONE RECEIVING THE COMMEMORATIVE ALBUM AT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB



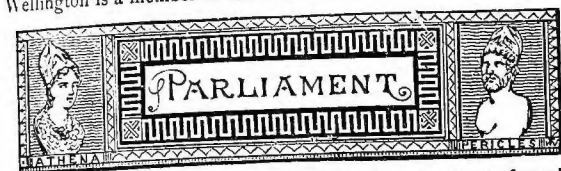
THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS has sanctioned the use in his diocese of a special burial service over unbaptised persons.



urther, and recommends the creation of a new See for the Arch-  
diocese of Coventry, which contains about two-fifths of the  
inhabitants of his Diocese, and towards its endowment he generously  
offers to surrender 800*l.* a year of his episcopal income.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER's proposal for the restoration of St.  
Saviour's, Southwark, as the Cathedral of South London is being  
warmly taken up in the Diocese. After Westminster Abbey, this  
ancient old edifice contains the finest specimens of Early English  
architecture. Edmund Spenser, "player," the youngest brother  
of the poet, and John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher), were buried  
in the church, and Philip Massinger, the dramatist, in the church-  
yard.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Westminster Abbey is to be closed on  
Sunday evenings until Advent. The last, until then, of the  
"Populæ Services" in the nave was on Sunday, when Bishop  
Barry preached.—The new Protestant Churchman's Alliance has  
already, without the aid of canvassing or of platform oratory,  
obtained more than a thousand members, and subscriptions to the  
amount of 1,000*l.*—Cardinal Manning has inaugurated St.  
Veronica's Retreat, at Chiswick, a home for female inebriates, the  
only institution of the kind established in England in connection  
with the Roman Catholic body.—Canon Blackley, well known as the  
leading though, as yet, the unsuccessful advocate of compulsory  
national insurance, and a zealous promoter of parochial, friendly,  
and other provident societies, secular and clerical, has been  
appointed by the Dean and Chapter, to St. James the Less, West-  
minster, of the yearly value of 670*l.*—A committee has been formed  
to erect a memorial to the late Rev. G. R. Gleig, late Chaplain-  
General to the Forces, and a copious contributor to military lite-  
rature, among his works being a biography of the great Duke of  
Wellington, and the "Story of Waterloo." The present Duke of  
Wellington is a member of the committee.



THE end of this week has seen the long-drawn process of passing  
the Royal Annuities Bill finally accomplished. The real fight con-  
cluded on Monday night, when the last guns were fired over Mr.  
John Morley's amendment. But on Wednesday afternoon Mr.  
Labouchere and his friends returned quite fresh to the fight,  
supporting a motion moved by Dr. Wallace for the rejection of the  
Bill on its second reading. Of course nothing serious was meant,  
the only flutter of interest lingering round the question, What Dr.  
Wallace was doing in this particular galley? The explanation is  
simple enough. The Doctor, who aspires to the position of a  
Scotch Wilfrid Lawson, had, at early stages of the Bill, prepared a  
speech, sparkling with impromptu humour, which, expressed in  
dogged manner with a strong Scotch accent, sometimes succeeds in  
amusing the House. Neither the Speaker nor Mr. Courtney  
responded to Dr. Wallace's signals whilst the Resolutions were still  
before the House or in Committee, and there seemed a prospect of  
the Doctor dying with all his jokes in him. This misfortune  
was avoided by the opportunity of moving the rejection of the Bill  
on the second reading, and, though the occasion was not favourable,  
seeing that members declined to come down in any great numbers  
at noon on Wednesday, the affair went off passably well.

Monday's debate, which at the outset seemed likely to prove  
abortive, was marked by some fine flashes of controversy. The  
position of some of the principal actors was curious and incon-  
venient. The regular Leaders of the Opposition had been  
desirous of conducting the campaign upon ordinary and traditional  
principles. Their idea was to move in Committee a well-ordered  
amendment. That would have been well enough in olden times,  
when the rank and file of a party waited for the guidance of their  
leaders. But things in these days are greatly changed. Mr.  
Labouchere, with inconvenient energy, "rushed" his respected  
leaders, appeared on the scene with an amendment of his own, got  
two nights' debate out of it whilst the subject was still fresh, polled  
unexpectedly heavily in the Division Lobby, and left Mr. Morley only  
the dreps to stir up on Monday.

Apart from this grave disadvantage, Mr. Morley was in a very  
unhappy position relative to his friends on the Front Opposition  
Bench. They were literally at sixes and sevens. Six had voted on  
Friday against Mr. Labouchere's amendment, and now seven were  
prepared to vote for what, as Mr. Chamberlain shrewly pointed out,  
was the same amendment, only varied in form. Then there was  
Mr. Gladstone to contend with. To the debate on Mr.  
Labouchere's amendment he had contributed a speech which, by  
common consent, stood splendidly out among the long roll of his  
masterpieces of eloquence. By it he had committed himself  
irrevocably to support the Government in this matter, and he sat  
almost alone in his own camp, with his generals ranged on the  
enemy's side. Hampered by an uneasy sense of deserting his  
esteemed leader, weighted with the recollection that on Friday he  
had taken a course diametrically opposed to that he now assumed,  
and smarting under the sense of discontent among his especial  
followers below the gangway, Mr. Morley passed a particularly bad  
half-hour, whilst discoursing to the House on Monday.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has some old scores to settle with his  
former bosom friend, was quick to see his opportunity, and merci-  
less in availing himself of it. When Mr. Morley rose to move his  
amendment, the House showed many signs of its sense of the  
unreality of the situation. Many benches were empty, and there  
was no enthusiasm amongst those who remained to hear the debate  
and resumed. But when Mr. Chamberlain rose the seats filled up, and  
presently the House assumed that crowded and animated appear-  
ance so inspiring to the practised debater. Speaking in his  
quietest manner, but with an undertone of vitriolic bitterness, Mr.  
Chamberlain commented on the position of Mr. Morley, exposing  
all its weakness. It reminded him, he said, of the position of a  
man poaching in preserved waters. Mr. Labouchere had got there  
first, and had prepared a most admirable bait. Then Mr. Morley  
comes along, trips him up, and the next thing seen is "my right  
honourable friend fishing with the same fly."

Mr. Chamberlain's speech was, in other respects than its imme-  
diate success, the direct opposite of Mr. Morley's. That gentle-  
man, never a ready dater, had evidently prepared his discourse  
with unusual care. It was in a somewhat more rhetorical style than  
he ordinarily adopts, perhaps another evidence of the unrest of his  
spirit. It was full of literary eloquence, flashing here and there  
with felicitous sentences; but it was, after all, an essay, meant  
rather for the study than the forum. Mr. Chamberlain on the  
contrary, delivered one of those sharp debating speeches which the  
soul of the House of Commons loveth. He had sat a quiet and  
attentive listener to Mr. Morley, with no outward and visible sign  
of his intent to follow him. He made no notes and needed none.  
His sentences, admirably framed and sharply pointed, fell much  
more readily from his lips than if he had brought them down all  
cut and dried on manuscript pages. Probably the middle of his  
speech, in which he addressed himself to the argument involved in  
the proposal of the Royal Grant, was prepared. It certainly fell  
most dully on the ear of the House. But Mr. Chamberlain, with  
practised art, had saved his choicest bit for the last. This came, in  
the concluding passages, when, roused by the constant jeering inter-

ruption of the Radicals below the Gangway, he turned boldly upon  
them, and poured out on their astonished heads a quite unexpected  
store from his already lavishly-used vitriol bottle. "The New  
Radicals," he called them with contemptuous inflection of his voice,  
new because they have nothing in common with the Old Radicals.  
Destructive in their aim and object, they had never shown the  
slightest constructive capacity, and were, in short, nothing more nor  
less than the Nihilists of English politics.

Later in the sitting the debate was again lifted somewhere near  
the height to which Mr. Chamberlain had carried it by speeches  
from Sir Henry James and Sir William Harcourt. Sir Henry  
James returned to the flagellation of Mr. Morley, neatly describing  
the situation by the statement that on Friday night he had given a  
vote to satisfy the entirety of his conscience, and on Monday night  
he was going to vote to satisfy a portion of his constituency. Sir  
William Harcourt turned with delight to combat with Mr. Cham-  
berlain, effectively reminding him of Lord John Russell's saying,  
that one thing more sickening than the cant of New Radicalism  
was the recant of Old Radicalism. Finally, Mr. Smith, in one of  
his sober speeches brought the House back to the business before  
it, which was to pass through Committee the Resolution upon  
which should be founded a Bill securing to the Prince of Wales an  
additional annuity of 36,000*l.* On a division, there voted in support  
of the Government 355 members, including Mr. Gladstone, whilst  
Mr. Morley carried into the Division Lobby with him 134 members.  
These figures compare with 116 who voted with Mr. Labouchere  
on Friday, and 398 who supported the motion forthwith to go into  
Committee.

The Annuity Bill out of the way, the course becomes clear for  
winding up the business of the Session. Next week Supply, long  
delayed, will be taken in hand, and it depends upon the spirit in  
which it is approached whether the Session shall be extended into  
the last week of August. The Tithe Bill is still kept on the Orders,  
and Mr. Smith talks of taking the second reading next Thursday.  
Should this intention be seriously held, the Prorogation is still far  
off, there being a stout and determined phalanx on the Opposition  
Benches who are resolved that the Bill shall not pass.



THE TURF.—Glorious Goodwood opened in glorious weather  
on Tuesday, when there was a capital attendance and some good  
sport. There were eighteen runners for the Stewards' Cup, for  
which Amphion, in spite of his heavy weight (8 st. 13 lbs.), had early  
been installed favourite. Before the fall of the flag, however, he was  
passed in the quotations by Danbydale. Once again the Bedford  
Cottage candidate failed to run up to his private form, and the  
winner was Mr. A. James's Dog Rose, with Amphion only a neck  
behind, and Noble Chieftain third. The Richmond Stakes fell to  
Mr. E. W. Baird's Golden Gate, Mr. Douglas Baird's dark colt,  
Fortitude, being third; the Duke of Portland's Elsie secured the  
March Stakes, and Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado the Gratwicke Stakes.  
El Dorado scored again next day in the Bognor Plate, Veracity  
followed up his Liverpool success in the Chesterfield Cup, and  
Enthusiast took the Sussex Stakes. T. Loates added four more wins  
to his score during these two days.

There was racing at Newton and Yarmouth at the end of  
last week, but little of importance was done. Seven of the win-  
ners at the herring town hailed from Golding's stable. Mr.  
Milner took both the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap and the  
Hastings Welter Handicap with Heloise, and also secured the  
Yare Handicap Plate with that unlucky beast Whistle Jacket. T.  
Loates rode eight winners during the two days, thus bringing his  
record of winning mounts to 82 out of 309. George Barrett has  
scored 69 times in 345 attempts, and his brother Fred has ridden  
258 races and 60 winners. Mr. Warren de la Rue has challenged  
for the Whip, at present held by the Duke of Beaufort, with Trayles.  
The Grand Prix de Paris for 1891 has secured 389 subscriptions.  
Lord Durham has entered six youngsters, and several other British  
owners have four. Lord Alington has sold his share in Friar's  
Balsam to Mr. Chaplin; and when he leaves the turf "Balsam" is  
to join his sire Hermit at Blankney. The well-known trotter,  
Juggler, is now thirteen years old, but seems to have lost none of  
his powers. At Nottingham, on Monday, he covered five miles in  
less than fourteen and a-half minutes.

CRICKET.—When our Australian visitors left us last year, it  
was stated that a considerable time would elapse before another  
team came over. Nevertheless, next year will see the Cornstalks  
again in England. H. F. Boyle is to manage the team, which it is  
hoped will include the veterans Murdoch, Giffen, McDonnell, and  
Blackham, and the bowlers Turner and Ferris, who worked such  
havoc among British wickets last season. Much regret will  
be felt that Moses, who is, perhaps, the best left-handed bat  
in the world, is not coming. The Philadelphians have not been  
doing very well lately. Since their crushing defeat by the  
Gentlemen of M.C.C. they have succumbed to the first-  
of-Kent. Poor Yorkshire! To be beaten by all the first-  
class counties was bad enough, but to fall before Warwickshire was  
lamentable. Still the Warwickshire men are no mean opponents.  
Shilton and Pallett are capital bowlers; Richards, who made 120  
(not out) in his second innings, is an excellent bat; and Lilley,  
who captured seven men in the two innings, is exceeding smart  
behind the wicket. However, this week the "tykes" managed  
to win their first match, beating Gloucestershire by four  
wickets. Gloucestershire beat Lancashire last week in a small-  
scoring match, and thus rendered the second place among the  
counties more open than ever. Notts, for which Shrewsbury  
playing again, is practically certain to be champion. Leicester-  
shire and Sussex have both succumbed to Surrey. G. G. Hearne  
scored 113 for M.C.C. last week against Lincolnshire, which could  
only score 62 and 18, and was defeated by an innings and 313 runs,  
Alec Hearne taking 13 wickets for 37 runs.

CYCLING.—There was a terrible amount of "loafing" at the  
N.C.U. Championship meeting on Saturday, and consequently the  
times were for the most part very poor. However H. H. Sansom,  
who won the One Mile Tricycle Championship, rode a quarter of a  
mile in 36.2.5 secs. (record). The Five Miles Bicycle Champion-  
ship fell to the holder, H. Synner, and the Twenty-Five Miles  
Tricycle Championship to W. G. H. Bramson.—J. H. Adams has  
lowered the Fifty Miles Amateur Bicycle record to 2 hrs. 33 min.  
37.2.5 sec., so it will be seen that our cyclists can still go fast enough  
when it suits their purpose.

LAWN-TENNIS.—A heavy thunderstorm on Saturday spoiled  
the conclusion of the Essex Tournament at Chingford, and the  
Championship of Essex, in which Mr. E. H. Christy challenges the  
holder, Mr. E. G. Meers, had to be postponed till to-day (Sat-  
urday). The Five o'Clock Singles Handicap fell to M. F. O. S.  
Reade, the popular Secretary of the meeting, to whose exertions its  
success was mainly due.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At Lacrosse, as at cricket, Yorkshire has  
been easily beaten by Lancashire.—Donovan is a name to conjure  
with this year. The July Sheffield Handicap fell to the American

professional of that name.—J. L. Sullivan has challenged Jem  
Smith to a fight to a finish, and has offered him 500*l.* as expenses,  
if he will cross the "big drink." At present the Slogger is indulg-  
ing in a big drink himself.



THE SITTINGS OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSION are adjourned to  
Thursday, October 24th.

THE TRIAL OF MRS. MAYBRICK for poisoning her husband,  
began at Liverpool on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Stephen.  
The Court was crowded, and great excitement prevailed. The  
prisoner struck the reporters as presenting "a very attractive ap-  
pearance." Mr. Addison, Q.C., led for the Crown, who prosecuted,  
and Sir Charles Russell for the defence. Mr. Addison recapitulated  
the facts and statements which procured from the Coroner's jury  
a verdict of wilful murder against Mrs. Maybrick. Among  
the witnesses whom he called were Mr. Michael Maybrick, the  
brother, and Dr. Hopper, the medical attendant of the deceased.  
The evidence given by them during their examination-in-chief was  
much the same as that given before the Coroner and the magistrates,  
and has already been summarised in this column. Cross-examined  
by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Michael Maybrick stated that in a  
letter received by him from Mrs. Maybrick she spoke of a  
white powder which his brother was taking, and that  
this might account for the pains in his head. On re-  
examination, however, he added that on mentioning the matter  
to his brother, the latter declared that, whoever had told him of the  
white powder, it was a — lie. Dr. Hopper, in cross-examination,  
spoke to his impression that in 1882 the deceased told him that he  
had taken arsenic as what the reporters style "an anti-periodic."—  
Mr. Maybrick's will has been proved. He bequeathed to his  
wife the amount, 2,500*l.*, to be realised from policies on his life taken  
out in her name. The testator refers to the interest on this sum as,  
with 12½*l.* a year which she receives from her New York property,  
a respectable provision for her.

AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, on Wednesday, Nathaniel  
Curragh was charged with the wilful murder of George Goring, the  
acrobat, known professionally as Letine. Medical evidence having  
been given, proving conclusively that the prisoner was insane, and  
quite unable to plead, the jury returned a verdict to that effect, and  
he was ordered to be detained.

A MR. HANDFORD married some years ago a lady who had been  
divorced from her husband, and whose second marriage has not  
turned out a happy one. She was, it is said, taking steps to  
procure a separation from him, and meanwhile, it seems, her friends  
had expelled him from his home on account of his intemperate  
habits. All this appears to have affected his mind, and he  
was heard threatening to "do for" his wife and her rela-  
tions, showing his friends a revolver which he had bought,  
and presenting them with various articles which, he said, he  
would not require after Sunday last. On that day he waited on the  
steps of the house where he was lodging, commanding a view of the  
congregation issuing from Brondesbury Chapel, Kilburn High Road.  
When his wife and his mother were opposite him, he crossed the  
road, and fired at his wife a bullet which entered her jaw. Imme-  
diately afterwards he fired at his mother-in-law, the bullet also  
entering her jaw. Recrossing the road, he shot himself in the  
forehead, on which, however, it seems to have inflicted only a superfi-  
cial wound, and on his being taken to the hospital his injuries were  
pronounced to be not serious. The two ladies were removed  
insensible to their residence. The condition of Mrs. Deveson, the  
mother-in-law, was regarded as very critical, but that of Mrs. Hand-  
ford as more hopeful.

A SHOCKING CASE OF MATRICIDE has occurred at Glasgow.  
A young man of the name of Paterson, a merchant's clerk, living  
with his mother, a widow, had been remonstrated with by her on  
the irregularity of his habits, and there had been frequent quarrel-  
between them on this account. On Saturday afternoon, on return-  
ing home, he began to quarrel with his mother. He was a volun-  
teer, and he is believed to have then gone to his bedroom, and to  
have fetched from it his rifle, loaded. Returning to the kitchen, he  
fired at his mother. The bullet passed through her body, and half-  
an-hour afterwards she died. The matricide made no effort to  
escape, and was taken in custody.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Justice Kay has directed the pro-  
visional liquidators of the Alexandra Palace not to enter into any  
fresh arrangements, but only to keep faith with the public in regard  
to those already made.—A bigamist, who pleaded guilty at the  
Central Criminal Court this week, was leniently sentenced by the  
Recorder to two days' imprisonment. His first marriage had been  
an unhappy one, and his second wife, to whom he had behaved  
with kindness, did not countenance the prosecution.

A PASTEUR INSTITUTE is to be founded in Rome, the Municipal  
Council furnishing the funds.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S TOUR IN INDIA during the coming  
cold season is being gradually organised. Landing at Bombay early  
in November, he will travel by railway and elephant across the  
country to Madras, visiting on his way the Nizam of Hyderabad and  
the Rajahs of Mysore and Travancore. The journey from Madras  
to Calcutta will be made by steamer, the chief festivity at Calcutta  
being a Durbar of the feudatory Princes. Thence the Prince will  
go to the sacred cities on the Ganges and the Jumna, and will enjoy  
tiger shooting in the Terai before visiting the Maharajahs Scindia  
and Holkar, the Gaekwar of Baroda, and the Rao of Cutch.

THE PARIS LOUVRE has undergone many changes of late, and  
English visitors who can tear themselves away from the Exhi-  
bition for a few hours, will find some very interesting additions.  
As many pictures have gone temporarily to the Champ de Mars,  
their places have been filled by works hitherto hidden away in the  
lofts for want of space, and quite new to most people. Two fresh  
sculpture rooms have been opened, one, very lofty, devoted to works  
anterior to the fourteenth century; the other, a low gallery like a  
chapel, containing sculpture dating from the fourteenth to the close  
of the fifteenth century. In this latter room the gem of the col-  
lection is the beautiful tomb of Philippe Pot, Grand-Seneschal of  
Burgundy, a splendid specimen of the Burgundian School, bought  
by the State for 4,000*l.* Several of the other sculpture galleries  
have also been re-arranged. The mosaic decorating the dome of  
the grand staircase leading from the ground-floor to the Galerie  
d'Apollon is finished after five years' labour. It represents the  
Apotheosis of Art at the period of the Renaissance, illustrated by  
four allegorical groups—France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders,  
with medallion portraits of the chief Masters produced by each  
country. The four other domes on the staircase will be similarly  
decorated, the next mosaic depicting Antique Art in Greece,  
while the intervening arches will illustrate various artistic epochs  
in different countries. The whole decoration is expected to occupy  
fifteen years, and will cost over 9,000*l.* One of the Pope's most  
skilled mosaic artists has executed this elaborate work.





QUEEN'S PRISONERS—OFF TO BOW STREET



THE BABY ROOM—FOUR INSURED CHILDREN, AFTER SEVEN MONTHS' CARE

WORK OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN





DRAWN BY W. SMALL

She turned from him and put her hand on the handle of the door. At the same instant he caught her arm.

# “THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS”

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF “A PRINCESS OF THULE,” “MACLEOD OF DARE,” &C.

## CHAPTER III.

### NINA

ONE morning Lionel was just about to go out (he had already been round to the gymnasium and got his fencing over) when the house-porter came up and said that a young lady wished to see him. “What does she want?” he said, impatiently—for something had gone wrong with the clasp of his cigarette-case, and he could not get it right. “What’s her name? Who is she?”

“She gave me her name, sir; but I did not quite catch it,” said the factotum of the house. “Oh, well, send her up,” said he: no doubt this was some trembling debutante, accompanied by an ancient duenna and a roll of music. And then he went to the window, to try to get the impatient clasp to shut.

But perhaps he would not have been so wholly engrossed with that trifling difficulty had he known who this was who had come softly up the stair and was now standing irresolute, smiling, wondering at the open door. She was a remarkably pretty, even handsome young lady, whose pale clear olive complexion and coal-black hair bespoke her Southern birth; while there was an eager and yet timid look in her lustrous soft black eyes, and something about the mobile, half-parted mouth that seemed to say she hardly knew whether to cry or laugh over this meeting with an old friend. A very charming picture she presented there; for besides her attrac-

tive personal appearance, she was very neatly, not to say coquettishly, dressed; her costume, which had a distinctly foreign air, being all of black, save for the smart little French-looking hat of deep crimson straw and velvet.

At last she said—  
“Leo!”

He turned instantly, and had nearly dropped the cigarette-case in his amazement. And for a second he seemed paralysed of speech—he was wholly bewildered—perhaps overcome by some swift sense of responsibility at finding Antonia Rossi in London, and alone.

“Che, Nina mia,” he cried, “tu stai cca a Londra!—chesta mo, chi su credeva!—e senza manca scriveme nu viers’ e lettere—Nina!—mi pare nu suonno!”

She interrupted him; she came forward smiling—and the parting of the pretty lips showed a sunny gleam of teeth; she held up her two hands, palm outwards, as if she would shut away from herself that old familiar Neapolitanese.

“No, no, no, Leo,” she said, rapidly, “I speak English now—I study, study, morning, day, night; and always I say ‘When I see Leo, he will have much surprise that I speak English’—always I say ‘Some day I go to England, and when I see Leo’—”

The happy eager smile suddenly died away from her face. She looked at him. A strange kind of trouble—of doubt and wonderment and pain—came into those soft, dark, expressive eyes.

“You—you not wish to see me, Leo?” she said, rather breath-

lessly—and as if she could hardly believe this thing. “I come to London—and you not glad to see me—”

Quick tears of wounded pride sprang to the long black lashes; but with a dignified, even haughty inclination of the head she turned from him and put her hand on the handle of the door. At the same instant he caught her arm.

“Why, Nina, you’re just the spoiled child you always were! Ah, your English doesn’t go so far as that; you don’t know what a spoiled child is?—*la cianciosella*, you Neapolitan girl! Why, of course I’m glad to see you—I am delighted to see you—but you frightened me, Nina—your coming like this, alone—”

“I frighten you, Leo?” she said, and a quick laugh shone brightly through her tears. “Ah, I see—it is that I have no chaperon? But I had no time—I wished to see you, Leo—I said ‘Leo will understand, and afterwards I get a chaperon all correctly.’ Oh, yes, yes, I know—but where is the time?—yesterday I go through the streets—it is Leo, Leo everywhere in the windows—I see you in this costume, in the other costume—and your name so large, so very large, in the—in the—”

“The theatre-bills? Well, sit down, Nina, and tell me how you come to be in London.”

She had by this time quite forgiven or forgotten his first dismay on finding her there; and now she took a chair with much quiet complaisance, and sate down, and put her black silk sunshade across her knees.

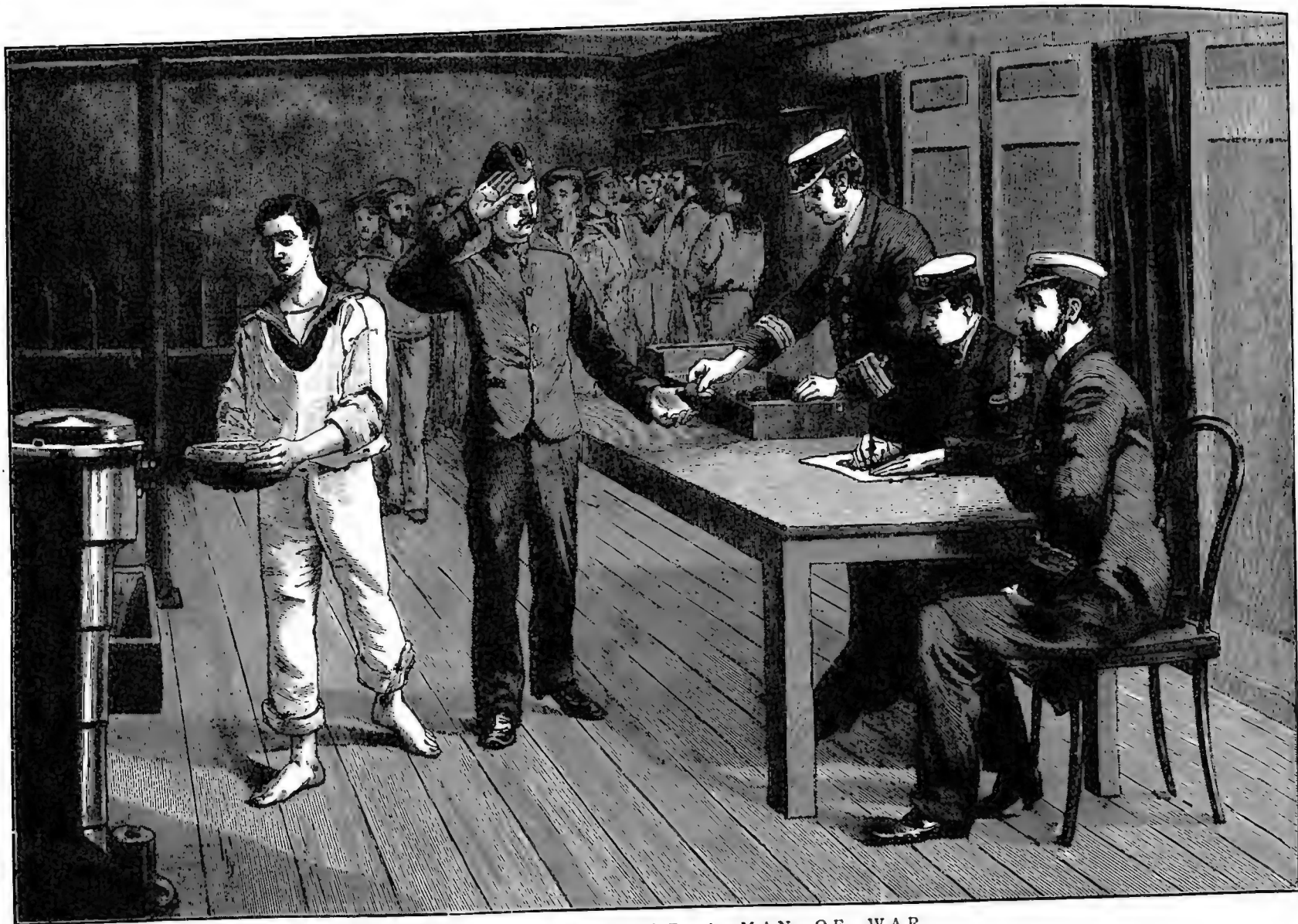






Captain M. H. Hayes' "Illustrated Horse-Breaking" (Thacker & Co., London and Calcutta, &c.) owes to Mr. Oswald Browne the fifty engraved illustrations which add so much to its value. It is a practical book, the work of one who, in "the Buffs" and elsewhere, has well learned his subject. Captain Hayes is a great believer in "pulling the horse round." In stable a horse cannot kick when thus treated; and when he has fallen, it is a far surer way of keeping him down than "sitting on his head." The Captain is a disciplinarian—would he were a strait-jacket when other means fail; and for that trying fault





PAY DAY ON BOARD A MAN OF WAR



ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP—SERVING OUT GRATUITOUS WARM CLOTHING TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN





THE DEMON PHOTOGRAPHER  
HIS VISIT TO AN IRONCLAD AT SPITHEAD



jibbing he recommends putting the horse down three or four times. Besides dealing with tricks such as tail-rubbing, Captain Hayes has an amusing chapter on the kind of tricks shown in circuses. Bowing, saying "No," &c., are mostly taught by pricking with a pin. That D'Anvers' "Students' Art Handbooks" (Sampson Low)

supply a real need is proved by the "Elementary History of Painting" and that of "Sculpture and Architecture" both having reached a third edition. The former has had the advantage of Mr. F. Cundall's thorough revision. Professor Roger Smith, of University College, has revised and written an introduction to the latter. In the former, the schools of painting are carefully described; and of each painter the examples in our National and other Galleries are mentioned. Special attention is given to the Spanish school; and in the English miniaturist, who succeeded Holbein, Horebout, and Teerlinck, viz.: Gwiliin Stretes, to whom we probably owe many of our "Holbeins," Nicholas Hilliard, the Oliviers, &c., the author breaks new ground. The chapter on painting in America will be read with interest, though W. Morris Hunt is the only living Transatlantic painter thought worthy of name. In the "Architecture" it is curious to see the transition from Romanesque to Pointed illustrated in the church of St. Jak in Hungary. Mr. D'Anvers does not notice, what strikes most travellers, the flatness that gives a poverty-stricken look to much German Pointed work; though his illustration, St. Catherine's Church, Oppenheim, is a notable instance of this.



**THE SEASON.**—The last fortnight of July contained about twice as much rain and half as much sunshine as was required, and this divergency from legitimate midsummer expectations must be held to have reduced the promise of the two principal cereal crops in a rather serious degree. Wheat, which had been remarkably healthy up to July 14th, has since that date developed rust in some parts, and in others mildew, while barley is now expected to be the least satisfactory of the three cereals. It may be added, as a direct effect of the weather, that potato disease has broken out in Ireland, and is spreading. The hay crop is fully secured, and the ricks are exceedingly numerous, while the hay itself is of exceptionally fine and nutritious quality. An estimate recently published puts the value of the hay crop of the United Kingdom at a hundred millions sterling, or about double that of the three chief cereal crops combined. Whether or no these figures be correct, there is no doubt that a fine hay crop affords an enormous stimulus to agriculture, leading to more stock being bred, and to stock already existing yielding more food for man, more milk, more wool, besides fetching better prices in the markets. Roots promise a fair, but not a heavy, crop. The mangolds have grown very fast during July, but swedes are backward, and a small acreage. Turnips, however, are a fine crop, and the late rains have brought them on capitally. Hops will be a very variable crop, but, as an experienced judge of this plant remarks, "it is a plant peculiarly liable to be affected by atmospheric influences, which vary in different localities, so that in the same season one grower may make his fortune while another elsewhere finds himself with little or nothing to sell. The hop reports have, as usual, a reverse side, and although the fly has been dispersed, and is now scarcely anywhere to be seen, mould is spreading in some places, and is especially developed in East Sussex and West Kent." If we have a hot August the mould will doubtless go off, but the rainy weather and low temperature which have created it must also disappear before we can hope for the hops themselves showing improvement. Rye and early peas have already been cut, and also winter oats; all these are fair crops this year, without being anything extraordinary. Beans and peas have improved during July, and should be a very decided improvement on the yield of last year.

**SCOTLAND.**—While the above observations do not include North Britain, advices from Scotland inform us that the crops have a generally healthy appearance. A correspondent, writing from Edinburgh, answers our inquiry as to whether July rains have been prejudicial by saying, "On the whole; no. Pasture lands had suffered severely from the June heat." But another writer says, "Hill lands, except on very hard, steep ground, will, in all likelihood, show to much greater advantage than those which have been reared on arable ground, as dry, warm weather adds very materially to the feeding properties of the natural grasses in the softer portions of the sheep runs, and tells correspondingly against the higher-farmed grasses of the lowland pastures." Oats have gained ground surprisingly since the rains, but wheat and barley, as was to be expected, have rather gone off. Potatoes in Scotland are looking well, and are free from disease, while turnips escaped injury from the June drought except in a few cases where, being late sown, they have not braided very regularly. The early-sown turnips, however, are so luxuriant as to be closed in the drills, and to be showing a plentiful growth of shaws.

**THE PRICE OF STOCK** is now such as to enable breeders to pay their way better than they have known how for some years past. Both lambs and store sheep are commanding high prices, and the state of trade as reported in the market news of the country Press is chiefly characterised by the word "healthy." At the last "big" market at Norwich store lambs were firm at 30s., and at Canterbury on July 27th the trade for Kent lambs was brisk at from 24s. to 31s., store sheep also selling well. There is also a growing demand for all kinds of superior heavy horses both for home and foreign account, and the demand for lighter horses is fair at fair prices. All sorts of cattle are well held for good quality, the mean price being about 5s. per stone of 8 lb. The poorer grades, however, have been weakened by imports from Canada.

**THE LINCOLNSHIRE SHOW** just held at Louth was remarkable for the number and excellence of the horses shown. If the sheds of cattle at Louth be taken as an index, then the Shorthorn breed of cattle have conquered all competition in this county, and now extend the frontiers of their predominance from the Scottish Border on the north to the Fen Border on the south, where they touch on the Norfolk redpolls, and to Chester on the west, where they meet the Herefords. There was also at Louth a grand display of the Lincolnshire breed of long-woolled sheep, but the swine classes were not satisfactory.

**THE LANCASHIRE SHOW** last week was not the centre of much agricultural interest. The cattle contained some good farmers' stock, but the interest was purely local. The four dairy classes were well arranged and well filled, but call for no special comment. The features worthy of more extended notice were the agricultural horses, which were very fine indeed, the Shropshire and Leicester sheep, which were very favourable displays of the respective breeds, and the show of pigs, which was excellent, and a lesson to most of the Societies in the south and east of England.

**AGRICULTURAL ALLOTMENTS.**—A stiff discussion took place on this subject last week in the House of Commons, when the Lord Advocate of Scotland applied for power to enable the Scottish County Councils to purchase land for agricultural allotments. Sir W. Foster took exception to a proposed artificial creation of allot-

ments, which, he said, should be allowed to follow and not precede a local inquiry for them. The Act in England had, he said, proved a delusion, and had been a grievous disappointment. He wished to see the labourer enabled to get land on the same terms as the farmer. There had only been five loans for allotment purposes all over England, and it had cost 8,500l. to purchase eighty-five acres, which was a price clearly showing that the labourer under present conditions could not hope to become the holder of land. Mr. W. H. Smith as usual "deprecated a wide discussion so late in the Session," but he thought an extension of facilities for obtaining agricultural allotments in Scotland would be beneficial to the smaller occupiers of that country. The clauses were eventually abandoned.

**THE NEW MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE.**—The cabal which the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and especially the Duke of Richmond and Lords Kimberley and Spencer, are raising in order to defeat, and, as far as possible, cripple, the Government, in creating a new and powerful Ministry of Agriculture, receives a severe but useful and well-merited rebuke from the *Field*, which, as a Conservative journal of the highest possible repute among the country gentry, repudiates the jealousies of the Royal Agricultural Society in terms not widely divorced from the contempt for what it stigmatises as the infirmities of a Mutual Admiration Society, alarmed at the appearance above the horizon of a new power in English agriculture which will be able not only to do for agriculture what the Royal Agricultural Society of England has never yet even attempted, but to criticise effectually, and, perhaps, to call to account the manner in which such work as has been carried out by the Royal Agricultural Society of England and the other Societies similar to it, has really been performed. The very pit and marrow of the new measure lies in the provision which it includes for the presence of a Minister in the House of Commons, whose duty it shall be to satisfy public opinion as to the working of the various forces, voluntary and otherwise, by which the fortunes of the occupiers of the land are controlled. We believe that such a Minister would very early have questions put to him as to the operation of voluntary Societies. We know that many people hope for this; and we do not at all agree that these hopes of the agricultural mind will never be realised. To which sentiment we give a hearty and general assent.

**FORESTRY.**—It will be learned with much satisfaction that a Lectureship on Forestry has been established in the University of Edinburgh. It is an important step towards increasing the utility of Scottish moor and mountain land, hundreds of thousands of acres of which might be made to grow useful trees, to the improvement of the national climate and increase of the national wealth. The choice of a first lecturer has been singularly happy. It has fallen on Mr. William Somerville, a bachelor in science and doctor in political economy at the University, and a well-known enthusiast in matters of scientific agriculture. Mr. Somerville studied at Munich University after leaving Edinburgh, and followed with especial interest the forestry classes for which the Bavarian University is distinguished. The lectures will begin in October, and be delivered twice or three times a week till June, a hundred lectures constituting a year's course.



We learn from "The Mysteries of Deepdene Manor," by Frank Mauduit (1 vol.: Digby and Long), that in Somersetshire, and in the reign of George II.—not a hundred and fifty years ago—an innkeeper through whose hands had passed a cask of brandy supposed to be smuggled, and (unknown to him) a letter in cypher suspected of being treasonable, was tried by the county magistrates sitting in secret; that the officer of dragoons who arrested him attended the Court with a sealed paper, not to be opened till after the trial; that the innkeeper pleaded guilty as to the brandy; that the sealed paper then proved to be a warrant from the Privy Council ordering his immediate execution; and that he was thereupon hung upon the nearest tree. We were, however, the less unprepared for the incident by having already learned that the news of Preston Pans had reached that same remote Somersetshire village, *via* France and the English and Bristol Channels, many days sooner than it was known in London. And we are thus the less surprised to find that the hero, condemned to the scaffold for high treason, was reprieved, and ultimately pardoned, on the ground that the villain had behaved badly to a village girl. After this, the extension of pardon to a smuggler who had blown up with gunpowder exactly half a regiment of dragoons is nothing; we are even driven to the dreadful suspicion that "Jacobinism" for "Jacobitism" may not be merely a printer's error; and not even a stretch of generosity can burden the printer with the unmistakable statement that "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "James III." were one and the same. We cannot conscientiously recommend "The Mysteries of Deepdene Manor" for giving young people an idea of the political or social history of a hundred and fifty years ago. No doubt the history of the last two centuries wants a good deal of re-writing, but there are limits to the process—especially where fiction is concerned.

"The Secret of the Lamas," as described in an anonymous "Tale of Tibet" (1 vol.: Cassell and Co.), appears to be a machine for producing flash-lights accompanied by thunder-like reports, used for signalling at coastguard stations and lighthouses. Having spent many years of exile in acquiring this instrument, together with the power of walking on air, Mr. Cecil Aylward employs it to startle a Mr. Pearson, while in the act of murdering his wife, and tumbling out of a window in Half Moon Street and spiking himself upon the rails below. The adventures among the Lamas are, to say the least, such as to throw considerable doubts upon their reputation for wisdom; and, after all, though their tricks upon travellers are described, as to how the tricks are performed the curious investigator of the secrets of the Mahatmas is left as ignorant as ever. The author handsomely acknowledges his obligations to Father Huc's "Travels in Tartary, Tibet, and China," for certain descriptive passages; and these will be found as curious and interesting as ever. The occult business, however, cannot be regarded as up to the standard of extravagance now demanded. Deliberate silliness ought to be thorough or nothing; and more successful because more thorough silliness is turned out wholesale everyday.

Mr. J. W. Southern, author of "Fannette; or, a Brave Young Woman: a Shropshire Romance" (1 vol.: Jesse Salisbury), has not been afraid to attempt a revival of that good old blood-and-thunder style of fiction which still lingers upon the stage. Long extracts alone could give any idea of the rhetorical pomp in which are displayed the woes of the persecuted heroine amid a little army of melodramatic villains. It is of the nature of such a story to be too complicated for description; but that the situations are pretty stiff may be judged from the last, where, after a visit in his prison cell from "Painful Recollection, the mother of Remorse and daughter of Nemesis, whom Black Night brought forth in the depths of Tartarus," and whose "mission is to wring your soul with anguish"—a lady to whom the very natural answer is "Go away!"—the arch villain, with the hangman's rope round his neck, knocked his mother down the ladder of the gallows, so that "a bloody, shapeless, lifeless mass lay on the pavement below." A novel written throughout in this style has, at any rate, the merit of

reviving certain ancient recollections, though whether they are worth reviving is another matter.

Were Josephine Michell not described on the title-page as the author of other works of fiction, we should have taken "Anstruther's Wife" (1 vol.: Roper and Drowley) as an unprecedented example of inexperience in fiction. It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that the authoress tells the story of a husband who mistook his wife's brother for a lover—nay, makes it her entire plot, just as simply and innocently as if it were a discovery of her very own, and not a theme of which every possible variation has been played about a thousand times. What makes the matter worse is that the story ends unhappily, without the least occasion. Nor is there any more originality about the *dramatis personæ* than about their exceedingly stupid, or rather imbecile, misunderstanding. The novel is certainly harmless enough, and may possibly please persons who dislike novelty.

"Little Hand and Muckle Gold: a Study of To-day," by "X. L." (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is an exceptionally disagreeable piece of work; and all the more so by reason of its unquestionable cleverness. "X. L." revels in repulsive characters and incidents, especially for their own sake; and he reaches his climax in a horrible picture of hydrophobia with all its symptoms and in all its stages. Nor is this repulsive merely, but is a grossly bad piece of art, seeing that there was no necessity for anything of the kind. The effect of what is known as French realism—we wish there was a better phrase—is obvious throughout, but not the study of French construction. The idea of anybody, of any order of taste, reading this story for pleasure is not to be supposed.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE Lady Middleton gives to the world an epic poem of much power, beauty, and interest in "The Story of Alastair Bhàn Comyn, or the Tragedy of Dunphail" (William Blackwood). The work is based on an episode arising out of the Comyn and Randolph feuds. The inhuman treatment of Alastair Bhàn Comyn, the popular hero of the Clan Comyn on the banks of Ery and in the vicinity of Dorb, by Randolph, Earl of Moray, rendered that name for a long time odious to the Highlanders. The loves of Alastair and Ydona, Lord Moray's ward, are very prettily and sympathetically described. In Lupola, Ydona's maid, we have the idea of the Wehr-wolf as a beautiful woman, wearing the brute's eyes in her female semblance, borrowed from a weird story of Mr. George Macdonald's, which appeared in the first edition of "Robert Falconer." Lady Middleton embodies, pathetically, in this personage the thought of the warfare between the animal and spiritual natures. The poem is redolent of the forest and the gen, of the Highland river and of the Moray coast. It is interspersed with songs born of close observation of nature and life. The "darksome beeches" of the Northern woods suggest these questions:—

Oh thou greenwood Queen!  
Meet spouse for royal Oak, thy monarch mate  
When art thou fairest? In the morning vest  
Of Spring's ethereal, palest, tenderest green?  
Thy noontide richness of intense July?  
Or the state robing of an Autumn eve?

The dark, stern, cruel baron of the Highland border is aptly pictured in Randolph, whose combination of ferocity and sagacity comes out clearly in these words of rebuke and counsel to Denys, Ydona's French cousin:—

Clear thou thy brain  
Of books, forsooth!—there's too much prate of books!  
Go, read ye men! Study the brow's spread page!  
The deep and dangerous index of the eye,  
The lip that smiles to mask, or masks a smile;  
Read ye the meaning of the words that lie,  
Sound fair when foulest, stinging when seeming sooth:  
  
Study thyself, young Denys; and when learned,  
Thou may'st be master of the multitude  
For all thy halting person.

This epic of the Cummings is certainly a work of sustained intellectual effort, and should command appreciation from all who care for poetry of a high order, and for the legends of the wild and stormy past of the Scottish moors and glens.

Mr. Charles Hardy shows signs of much promise in "My Boy's Request, and Other Poems" (Remington and Co.). He might be more careful in his rhymes, and his verse may lack finish. To that honest general public, however, which does not wait to be told by officious and attitudinising mentors where it is right to laugh or weep, there is much that will appeal. There is genuine pathos in "My Boy's Request" and "Good-bye;" while plain people may smile without effort over "The Slavey's Letter," beginning:—

Will you meet me, Charley, darling, when the clock is striking nine,  
When the policeman's round the corner, and the master's out to dine?  
I have kept the pickled salmon and the lobster for a spread,  
And the oysters from the party that I hid behind the bed.



THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.—A "Morning Serenade," *Te Deum* and *Fugate* in G, principally in chant form for voices in unison and occasional harmony, arranged from various sources, and composed by S. Claude Ridley, will prove a useful addition to the repertoire of an ordinary church choir.—Erskine Allon is making steady progress in the right direction; his "Second Sonata in G Minor" for pianoforte is a musically composition.—A pleasing pianoforte piece for the drawing-room is "Gavotte in E flat," by T. J. Clark.—Two fairly good waltzes are "Moiré," by A. N. Garrett, and "Muscatella," by Gertham.

MESSRS. WILCOCK BROS.—A pathetic song, written and composed by Lindsay Lennox, is "Only Yesterday;" there is a very good violin obligato to this song, which is published in three keys.—A neat companion to the above is "Gipsy Life," this is a words by Lindsay Lennox, the music by Arnold Bruce; this is a capital encore song.—A sprightly little piece for the pianoforte is "Intermezzo," descriptive of a sleigh ride on the road to Moscow, by Paul de Lötet.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The most important composition in the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* (Part 73, Vol. XI.) is a masterly arrangement of "The Ancient Vesper Hymn" (Theme, Variations, and Fugue), by William Spark, Mus. Doc. This piece will prove a boon to organists in search of novelties for Church festivals, &c. The "Finale Fuga" is an admirable specimen of its type. The three remaining pieces are "Postlude," by Archibald Toase, A.C.O., a carefully written work; and a by Allen Allen, F.C.O., a cheerful piece, worthy of, by George "Processional March," of a somewhat ordinary type, by Thomas Halford, Mus. Bac.—No. 44 of Novello's "Parish Choir Book" is a very good setting of the *Te Deum* in the key of E flat, by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—Somewhat late in the day comes a meritorious anthem for Whit Sunday, "When God of Old Came Down from Heaven," by the Rev. E. V. Hall, M.A. It may well be sung on other occasions than that for which it was intended.—Disciples of the Tonic Sol Fa system will be pleased with "Oh,



Skylark, For Thy Wing" (No. 630), composed by Henry Smart; "Make the Car of a Golden Kingcup," from the cantata "The Dream," music by Sir Michael Costa (631); and "Hear Me When I Sing" by King Hall (635).

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—A cantata, which is aptly called "a story with a song," is "The Flower Mission," compiled from Kate N. Hill's popular story by A. J. Foxwell and J. Graham, may be cordially recommended not only to teachers of, and caterers for the amusement of children of the poor, but also for those of the rich, who will follow this fascinating story with deep interest, and learn therefrom a lesson of self-abnegation. The music with which the simple tale is interspersed is by various composers; it may be easily learnt and sung by little folks, assisted by their elders.—A bright little waltz song for equal voices is "Where the Water Lilies Grow," written and composed by A. J. Foxwell and Clarence Rogers.—By the above-named versifier are: "Silver Bells," a waltz song, music by John E. W. Byrne; "'Tis Godfrey's Band," a very song, music by John E. W. Byrne; "Gaily Sounds taking trio for equal voices, music by E. F. Catlin; and "Music Sweet, the Castanet," music by Harry R. Shelley; and "Music Sweet, Awake" (Dance Song), music by Max von Weinzierl. Last of the list of this series is "Merrily We Roam" (Gipsies' Waltz), written and composed by Harry B. Smith and George Schleiffarth.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Sight-Singing Made Easy," a progressive manual for the use of choir-trainers, directors of vocal classes, &c., by J. H. Lee, is a really original and carefully-compiled little work, which will reward the student who carefully studies it (Edwin Ashdown).—Two love songs, entitled "Hope" and "Serenade," composed by Edwin Ould, and arranged as solos for the violoncello with pianoforte accompaniment, are well adapted for drawing-room execution.—By the above composer is also "L'Esperance," an intermezzo for violin and piano (Frederick Pitman).

THE great Wiltshire Sheep Fairs are not what they once were. The increased facilities given by the railways for travelling about, and buying sheep independently of fairs, lessened the importance of these once great meetings, and the terrible agricultural depression of the last ten or twelve years has made them mournful memories of a prosperous past. At one great fair last year the number of sheep penned fell off from eighty thousand to sixty thousand, but on the other hand breeders were cheered by the rise in prices, for sheep realised as much as ten shillings more than they did the year before; and the shortness of keep that winter, which caused the number of sheep to fall off, also caused a very large attendance of buyers, breeders, and farmers, so that the better-class animals found a ready sale at fair prices.

From early dawn the distant bleating of sheep floats over the Downs and the Avon Valley from the flocks converging by every road upon the little Wiltshire Village. The heavy rain of the day before has laid the dust, but the trampling of thousands of sheep, following on a fine night and a fresh drying breeze, soon cuts up the roads, and sends the dense clouds of chalky dust swirling over the hedges to powder bush, and turf, and uncut corn, a dirty white. Business starts early at these fairs, and the greater number of the day's sales are over before the sun is at its height, for the sheep and ponies have to be got home, and their transport, whether by road or rail, is an anxious and difficult matter.

The upper part of the long field that slopes from the edge of the Downs is divided into extemporised pens by means of wattled hurdles, and in these little enclosures are the pick of the flocks for sale or show. Another field close by is also filled with sheep, and the road is never without a contingent coming or going, for sheep are reckoned by thousands, and not by hundreds, on these occasions.

"Terrible few sheep," says an ancient shepherd, leaning on his staff, and looking with seemingly vacant gaze over the bleating sea of wool, from which rises the strong hot odour of the flock, "terrible few sheep, surely. Ah! I do mind when there *were* sheep at fair time!"

The old man apparently takes little interest in what is going on, and his lack-lustre eyes seem to see next to nothing, but for all that he has long since privately summed up and judged every flock and ram in the fair, and could tell you at a glance the number of sheep in any flock within a very few head.

To the unpractised eye there is a monotonous sameness about sheep—they all look exactly alike, and equally silly in expression; but the shepherd knows every animal from its neighbour, and has no more difficulty in recognising a sheep than a human being. Half way down the field is the pleasure part of the fair, where the gipsies have ranged their stalls with gingerbread nuts and sweets, and set up their shooting galleries and swings. They are but poorly patronised at first, for business is going on all day, and the young men and maidens of Wiltshire are shy, and little given to mirth, especially before dusk. Some of the younger farmers are firing at revolving discs, or hobbing bottles, and a youthful farm labourer and his sweetheart are making believe to enjoy themselves in a swinging boat, but the sheepish uneasy grin on their faces, and the solemn countenances of the few lookers-on, show plainly enough that in village opinion such early revelling is unseasonable, and that the time for pleasure has not yet come. Most of the men are seated in the semicircular wooden amphitheatre which faces the auctioneer's box watching with grim intentness the sale of some splendid Down rams that are fetching improved prices, after subdued but spirited competition. Some of the rams are splendid fellows, deep of chest and broad of back, and stalk proudly round the ring, occasionally charging with sudden and disconcerting fury at the two under-shepherds, who, with long sticks in their hands, are entrusted with the duty of showing the animals off to the best advantage. As each ram is knocked down to the highest bidder, he is grasped by the two attendants and hustled out of the arena, and then, after a moment's pause, in plunges a magnificent beast whose appearance at once causes a good round sum to be offered for him. The bidding advances rapidly, as with a sudden and furious charge he scatters the shepherds right and left, and causes some sportsmen sitting on a rail by the auctioneer's box to execute a hurried somersault backwards, amid a decorous puff of air from the ring of bidders.

The lower half of the great field, which is separated by a light fence from the upper half, contains a few agricultural machines, but otherwise is entirely given up to farm horses and forest ponies. All along the hedge the poor creatures are tethered shoulder to shoulder and head to head, while the middle of the field is full of men running at the ponies' heads, or trotting huge cart-horses up and down. If an intending purchaser sees an animal he thinks might suit him, he asks a casual question about it of the owner or his man, who straightway, scenting a bargain under the careless enquiry, dashes among the frightened and swaying ponies, and in another moment has untied the halter and dragged an unwilling captive out into the open. Then follows the comedy, without which no transaction in horseflesh can be completed. The farmer looks dubiously at the pony with head on one side and thrust out under-lip. The man jerks the pony's head and tickles its quarters to make it rear, and show itself off. Next he trots it at top speed up and down, and round in a circle, his assistants inciting the half-wild and wholly terrified beast with little flags of pink and blue glazed calico. The farmer looks on with approving glance as the pony kicks and rears, and finally, with a mad plunge and rear, breaks loose from its tormentor, who falls flat on his face, and careers over the field, followed by the jeers and shouts of every helper and loafer, until it takes refuge behind a

gipsy's van, where it is cornered and finally captured, panting, breathless, and trembling with fright. In another minute it is as quiet as if nothing had happened, and its purchaser leads it away, after a great deal of argument about the price, and ties it in triumph behind his cart.

In the late afternoon the fun grows fast and furious. Beer has thawed Lubin, whose decreasing shyness is indicated by his hat, which gets further and further on the back of his head, while Amaryllis with playful shriek and boisterous giggle shows her appreciation of her swain's advances. The rifle-galleries crack ceaselessly, but the percentage of hits falls as the number of shooters increases. The swing proprietor and his family have no need to shout themselves hoarse, but reserve all their strength for the incessant hauling at the ropes, for the swings are always crowded, and under the pressure of eager competition each party's turn gets shorter and shorter. But they are early folk in Wiltshire; the business part of the fair has long since disappeared, and even the pleasure-seekers have to be up soon after dawn for their work; so the jollity comes to an end,—perhaps it is as well that things are not altogether as the old shepherd remembers them,—the gipsy carts prepare to lumber out of the village at daybreak, and the trampled field has peace until another year brings fair day round again.

J. W. P.

SOME men exhibit an alacrity in sinking. I remember many years ago meeting a bald-headed corpulent Frenchman in a railed enclosure, which served for bathing purposes on the beach of the Isle of Wight. He wore a fancy costume, and was not only equipped with an inflated collar made of some elastic ma'erial, but wore webbed gloves, as if he aspired to compete with ducks in their favourite element. For all this he splashed and panted, and rolled about until it almost made me weep to look at him.

"Ah, sare!" he sputtered, as he staggered and clutched at the edge of the bath. "I do most vish zat I could swim a leetel."

"Have you been practising long?" I inquired.

"It is very simple and easy to acquire," I rejoined, by way of

encouragement. — "It is very simple and easy to do," said "because ze good Ladye

"Ah! for you Englishes," he said, "because ze good Ladye Britannia, she rule de vave—vis me it is *au contraire*. I have no confidence, sare!"

Here Monsieur missed his footing and disappeared beneath the water for a few moments, and when he came up, with an expression of abject despondency, I could see that his confidence had gone for ever.

Here let me remark that this "confidence trick" lures many to their discomfiture. Confiding novices fancy that if they can only muster up courage to rush into the foaming billows and strike out boldly, success must reward their heroic efforts. This is a popular mistake. Method, uniform and measured strokes are essential, not only to graceful movement, but to prevent muscular fatigue and pulmonary exhaustion.

The first time that I bathed on the South Coast my attention was arrested by a bathing-machine, over whose varnished door was written in gilt letters, the startling advertisement, "Pierce—Poet." When its gifted owner approached me with a view to business I was still more surprised, for his demeanour did not at all harmonise with my notion of the pensive minstrel. Instead of being lean, pale, and black-locked, he was remarkably robust, weighing close upon seventeen stone, and had a shock of Rufus-like hair and a raucous voice, better suited to nautical than lyrical performances. We had not been long acquainted, however, before I learnt that he was the popular author of a five-act tragedy, called *The Battle of Waterloo* (price five shillings) and an "Ode to Grace Darling" (price twopence). But much as I admired his tuneful art, I was still more impressed by his aquatic achievements. He was one of Neptune's darling boys, and had a genius for keeping his Titanic head above water. I have seen him wrestling with and reposing on the waves for an entire hour, performing wonderful feats, flying a kite, discharging arrows from a bow, rolling on the water, moving under it with feet only visible, and cooking a mutton chop on a portable stove, with a bachelor's frying-pan. How many persons he had saved from drowning I cannot remember, but, like all the amphibious tribe to which he belonged, the "Poet Pierce" was brave, tender, and always thinking of other people's safety in preference to his own.

It is a curious fact that excepting men and pigs all animals swim by instinct. Pigs are disqualified owing to the shortness of their forelegs, by which their throats are lacerated. But though great expertness in swimming may not be within the reach of all rational beings, none need despair of attaining a point sufficient for their own personal protection. When the anxious matron warned her son not to venture into the briny deep until he was able to swim, she was not aware that no one can tell exactly what he can do in such an unstable element as water until he tries, yet caution is at all times necessary.

The sensation of feeling that you are out of your depth is not one of unmixed pleasure. I remember when a very little boy, and could only accomplish a few strokes, a schoolfellow, supporting my chin, conducted me across a river about thirty yards wide, and then, laughing, swam away, leaving me to my own devices. The nearest bridge was half-a-mile distant. I was very doubtful of my ability to swim back unaided, but I resolved to make the attempt, and succeeded, not less to my satisfaction than surprise. All tricks of this kind with young and timid learners should be sternly discouraged, and put down with a strong hand.

It is very convenient for the swimmer to be able to enjoy that gentle exercise called "treading water." The action referred to is not unlike doing penance on a treadmill. Of course the water must be chin-deep, and the progress is slow but sure; in cases of emergency, however, this expedient is not to be despised. It sometimes happens in river-swimming that the feet become entangled in weeds or rushes, and it is difficult to get rid of them. A friend told me that he once found himself in this predicament, and owed his rescue to being able to keep his head just above water while a companion, diving down with a penknife, severed the band by which he was held captive.

There is no better way of acquiring confidence in the buoyant power of water than by swimming some distance, if your lungs will allow you, under its surface. It is surprising how difficult it is to remain below the surface, the water continually acting as a propeller upwards. Of course your eyes should be kept open to avoid a collision with other dauntless practitioners, and to see what is to be seen in that museum of marine stores—the bed of the ocean.

Some persons are unhappily disqualified for aquatic sports by organic disease. A medical man, remarkable for his fine physique, informed me that he was an exceptionally good swimmer, but having, when a student, had an attack of rheumatic fever, he had ever since suffered from a diseased heart, and that for him to plunge into the sea would be sudden death. He assured me that he often wished he could see some incapable person fall in the water, as in that case he would be bound to rush in to his rescue, and so enjoy a luxury which had been denied him for years. He died without having his eccentric wish gratified.

It is stated by experts that a person falling into the water may keep afloat by such a simple expedient as placing a hat inverted on the surface, and supporting himself by holding the brim. The arms

being of greater specific gravity than an equal bulk of water are the most potent factors in drowning, and there is nothing so ludicrous as swimming with the arms extended above your head. Whether an armless man falling into the water would float by his own buoyancy I cannot say, as I have never seen such an accident, and hope I never may.

hope I never may.

The perils of sea-bathing would be lessened if diving were eliminated from it. I remember seeing an American dive from a height of 100 feet into the water head foremost with his arms outspread, and while enormous masses of ice were floating with the tide. He seized his opportunity and emerged uninjured, and boasted that he would jump from the top of the Monument if it could be removed to London Bridge. In connection with this point, I have seen a boy dive from the parapet of a canal bridge perfectly erect, feet downwards, without coming to grief. Not always, however, can divers enjoy this impunity in sea-bathing. There is one injunction which ought to be inscribed on every bathing-machine, "Never dive from the roof." The summer before last I was bathing on the Kentish coast when a young man climbed on to the roof of the machine next to mine, and deliberately dived into the water. As he remained under the waves some time, assistance was obtained, and he was lifted out, when it was found that his back was broken. It should be observed that on the beach blocks of stone and heaps of shingle are frequently met with, and it is supposed that this unfortunate diver came into collision with some such obstruction, and owed his death to ignorance or forgetfulness of a fact that can never with safety be ignored.

THE charming little town and the neighbourhood of North Berwick must be familiar to many of your readers, and a few words from one who ever revisits this pretty Scotch watering-place with pleasure may be welcome to those who are not acquainted with it. To them I would say, come and enjoy the life-giving breezes which are always blowing on its golden sands and green golf-links.

We call it a watering-place now, but I can remember it when it was satisfied with naming itself a fishing-village, when there were no smart houses and large hotels; and though these add to the comfort of visitors, I have a weakness for North Berwick as it was, when we almost considered it our private property.

This summer it is more delicious than ever, and coming straight down, by the "Scotchman," from London's hot pavements and dusty streets, the cool freshness of the salt air and the splashing of the waves, as I wander along the shore, bring new strength and energy to my listless body and mind, and life seems worth living after all. One of the charms of the place is that you never see too much of the people; there is no esplanade, no public promenade, where you cannot help coming across them. No, at North Berwick you may wander along the bents and braes at your own sweet will, and soon get beyond the reach of your fellow-creatures, if you are eccentric enough to wish to do so.

There are many places for you to visit in the neighbourhood. Tantallon Castle, once the home of the Douglasses, standing grandly out, high above the blue water—blue as the Bay of Naples it has often been this summer—is well worth visiting, especially as I saw it the other day, with its venerable walls standing in sheets of pink ragged robin; all around on the cliff tops, the yellow crowsfoot and little purple thyme abound, and you can lie with your face buried in the sweet fresh grass, with a murmuring stream sounding in your ears, making its way to the sea below. Or, if you are energetically inclined, you can enter the little postern gate, and find yourself within the castle's walls, and climb, by recently excavated staircases, to the battlements, from which your eye travels far over the Firth, with its gleaming water and small islands, which Sir Walter Scott has immortalised, as well as the castle, in his well-known "Marmion."

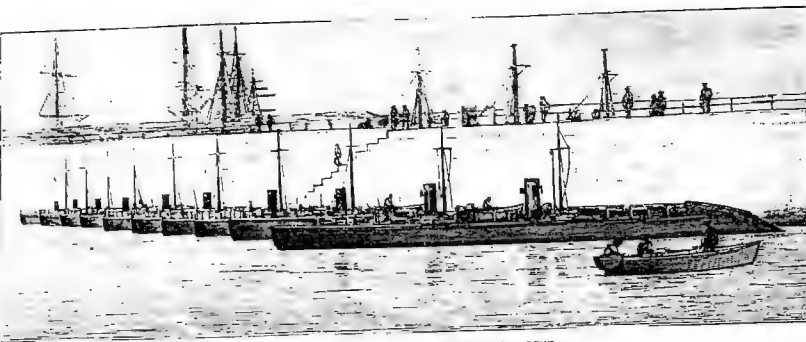
The chief of them is the "Bass Rock," which will serve you for another day's expedition; half-way between Tantallon and North Berwick lies Cauty Bay, with a little inn, the owner of which has a steam launch, which soon takes you over to the island. If you are a good sailor, and quite happy in your launch, you should sail round before landing to appreciate the height of the massive cliffs, and to watch the beautiful solan geese flying and whirling in hundreds over head, and plunging into the green-blue waters after the fish. Beyond Tantallon Castle lies the smaller ruin of Auld Hame, which James Grant has brought into his novel "The White Cockade."

All these spots lie east of North Berwick, and to the west you will find another fine ruin, old Dirlerton Castle, surrounded by beautiful well-cared-for gardens, with close green turf and thickly growing ivy running up to its feet. From the top of it you look down on many-coloured borders of bright flowers, and on one part of the walls are dark patches, which used to thrill us in olden days, said to be marks of pitch poured down when Cromwell's soldiers were besieging the Castle, and, more interesting still to childish eyes, a well down which, tradition says, a mother once threw her baby.

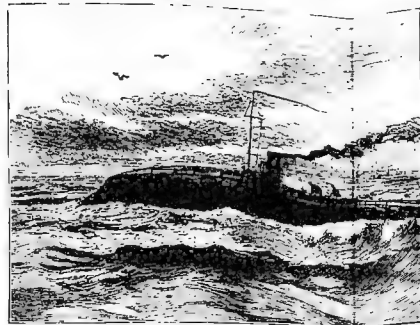
There are many pretty drives all round North Berwick. Dunbar and Haddington are both within reach, the former with but few remains of its castle, and the latter with its Abbey church, in which lies buried Jane Welsh Carlyle. If you are too lazy to do more than stroll, you can walk down the main street, alas no longer as quaint as I can remember it, into "Quality Street," paved and over-shadowed by trees, reminding you of a foreign town, past two picturesque old houses, "The Bee Hive," low, and long, and ivy-covered, and "The Lodge," tall, and white, and rambling, with a splendid old horse chestnut at its door, in both of which still reside some of the said "Quality"—past these through the pretty little "Glen," in which, in spring time, primroses are to be found, though not in such masses as on the banks running down to the sea. Behind "The Lodge," stands up high, conical and green, North Berwick's one hill, "The Law," which is the favourite Sunday walk of the inhabitants, especially on one particular Sunday in harvest time, called "Stooky Sunday," when good luck is said to be the result of your climb. A Sunday or two ago, most of the inhabitants were differently employed. An open-air service was held in one of the little west bays, and as we strolled that way after luncheon, the clergy and choir of the Episcopal Church wound across the sands in front of us, their white surplices fluttering in the wind. As we reached the little bay, the strains of a hymn were borne towards us, and the higher ground above was crowded by people, who were sitting and standing also on the rocks around. We found a place not far distant, and most picturesque the whole scene appeared—the white groups below, the bright blue sea beyond, the rocks running out into it, and, in the distance, the little red harbour and fishers' houses. I recalled Legros' picture "Le Bénison de la Mer" to me. After the address was over, the voices rose once more into the air, and we found that our town band was accompanying them, softly and prettily enough too. Our band is a string one, and only comes for the summer months, when it plays in different parts of the town all sorts of sweet, old-fashioned tunes.

We pride ourselves on the absence of bathing machines at North Berwick, though some visitors declare that the bathing is too primitive. The stretches of firm yellow sand are, however, not cut up by wheels and trampled by horses, and your reveries are not broken in upon by the shouts of boys and bathing-women. If you come to North Berwick, you must take her as you find her. She is very independent, and conforms to no one's ideas but her own.

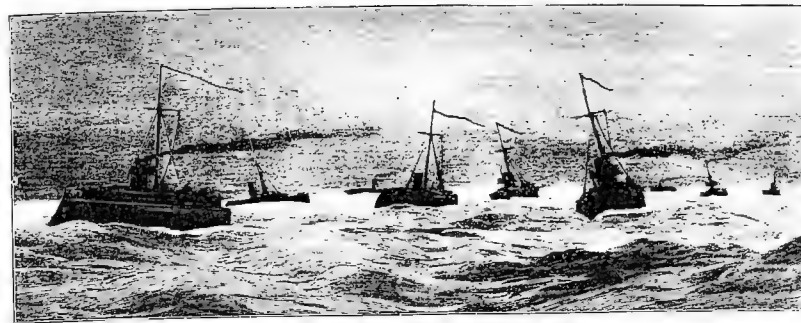




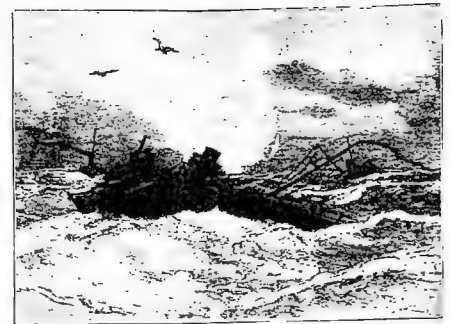
TEN LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS LYING IN A LINE



ONE PUT TO SEA AGAIN AND THEN THERE WERE NINE



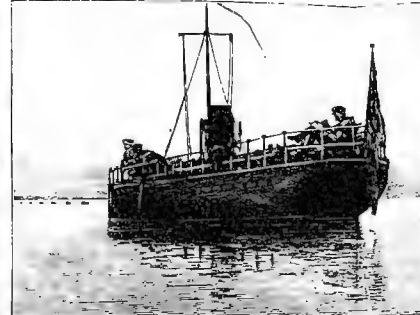
NINE LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS STEAMING AT A RATE



ONE SHOOK ITSELF IN HALF AND THEN THERE WERE EIGHT



EIGHT LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS ANCHOR'D IN MILFORD HAVEN



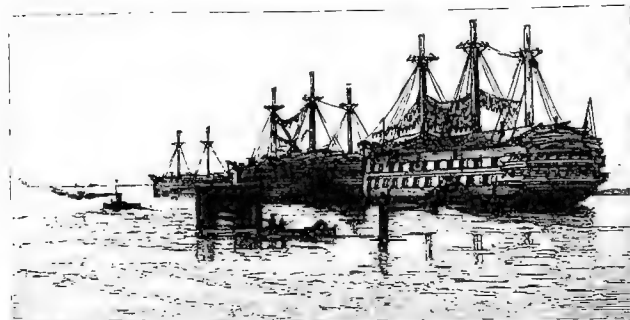
ONE CHOSE TO STOP THERE AND THEN THERE WERE SEVEN



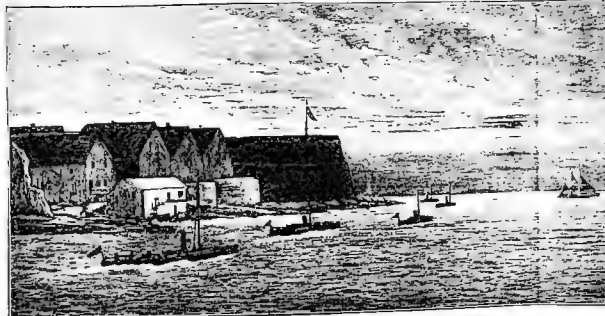
SEVEN LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS HAD SUCH NAUGHTY TRICKS, ONE'S LITTLE BOILER BURST AND SO THERE WERE SIX



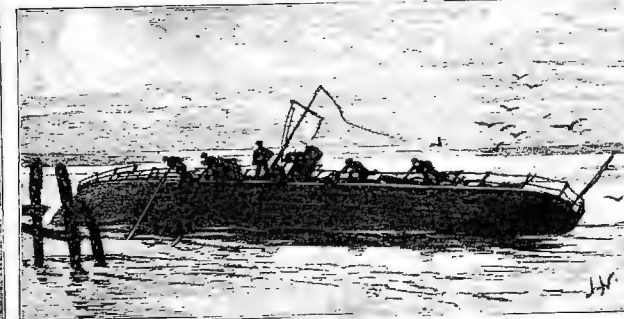
SIX LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS AT PORTSMOUTH DID ARRIVE



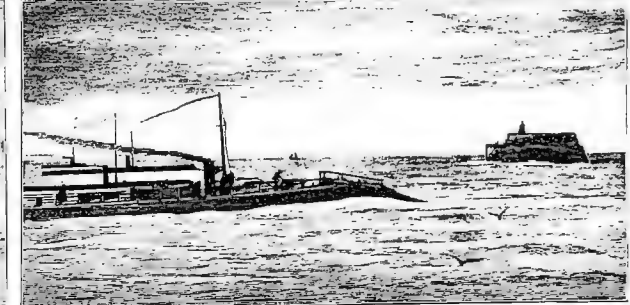
ONE LEFT FOR CHATHAM YARD AND SO THERE WERE FIVE



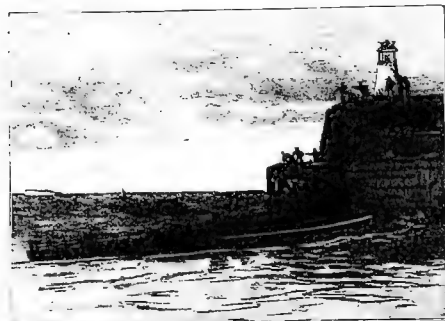
FIVE LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS SHAVING BY THE SHORE



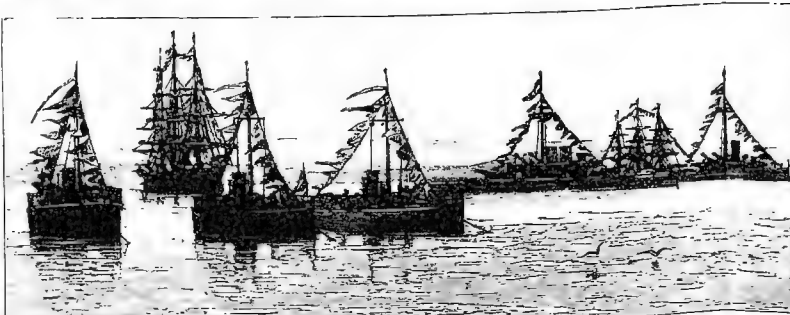
ONE RAN ITSELF AGROUND AND SO THERE WERE FOUR



FOUR LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS GOING OUT TO SEA



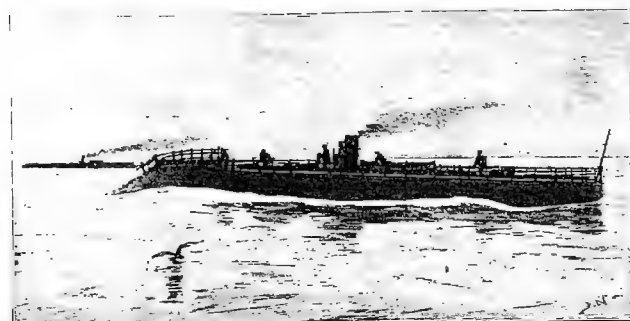
ONE COULDN'T STOP ITSELF AND SO THERE WERE THREE



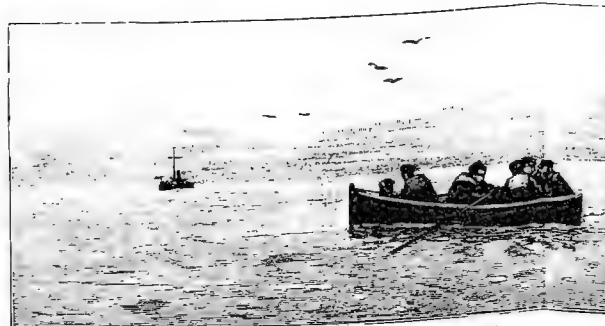
THREE LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS ATTENDING A REVIEW



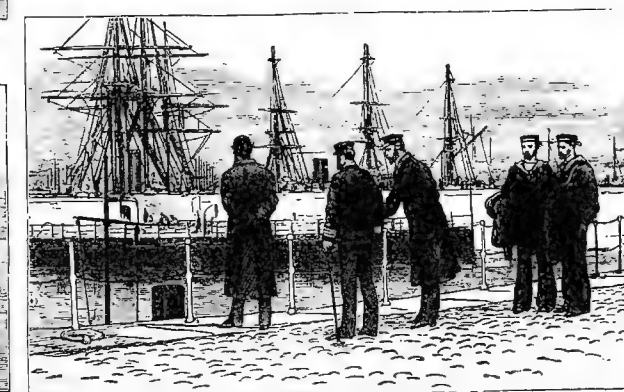
ONE RAN DOWN A BATTLE SHIP AND SO THERE WERE TWO



TWO LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS GOING FOR A RUN



ONE NEVER CAME HOME AGAIN AND SO THERE WAS ONE



ONE LITTLE TORPEDO BOAT LYING ALL ALONE, SOON GOT CLASSED AS "OBSOLETE" AND SO THERE WERE NONE



WHEN ALL THE TORPEDO BOATS ARE UNPREPARED FOR WAR, RANG COMES A RUSSIAN SCARE AND THEY ORDER TEN BOATS MORE

TEN LITTLE TORPEDO BOATS AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM  
A HARMLESS JEST AT THE ADMIRALTY



One word before saying farewell—of course, to those who are strangers to our retreat. Do not be deluded by the name into the belief that North Berwick is Berwick or close to Berwick; you must travel several miles further north, and approach Edinburgh, and before you will find North Berwick, secreted in East Lothian, and lapped by the waves of the sparkling Firth of Forth. D. M. B.

## NIGHT IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

FAR, very far beyond the settled districts through which an attenuated iron thread of railway stretches a tortuous course for hundreds of miles, linking township with township in a very real if distant relationship; beyond the yet farther removed settlements, where "Cobb's coaches" still flourish, stand the wide-spreading plains, the rolling hills, and interminable ranges, where, like oases in a vast sea of territory, remote sheep and cattle stations exist: homes as far removed from the capital cities as those of distant European frontiers are from London or Paris.

The only means of communication between such homesteads is the ubiquitous spider-wheeled private "buggy," and the ever-ready saddle. Who can forget the peculiar loose, easy canter—a mode of progression kept up almost automatically hour after hour the day through—which is the characteristic of the Australian horse?

All the day long the rider journeys in silence through the oppressive solitude of the bush, the rhythmic beat of his horse's unshod hoofs accentuating the voiceless stillness. Nothing seems to change save the position of the burning orb above, which in the morning shone out before him with dazzling rays, and now slowly sinks behind his track. Change there has surely been, but the consciousness of it has been lost in the unchanging sense of boundless solitude which dominates the scene. The woods seem to rest in an enchanted sleep, occasionally a low murmur of half-articulated sounds floats, or seems to float, past from the shadowy depths of the impenetrable forest; vague lisps of the "long ago," as from some dimly remembered former existence, and then dies away. Sometimes ghostly shadows seem to flit past on either hand, but that is fancy.

At other times the way leads past dark, forbidding ranges—past the vestiges of bush-fires, where shriven, spectral trunks of blackened trees stand by thousands—past wooded heights where the trees assume new curves of strength and grace as they climb the mountain-side; but always in strong contrast to that suavity of line which characterises an English country-side, described by our American cousins as "Nature with her hair combed and parted." Sometimes the silence is broken by flocks of pretty rosellas flitting from tree to tree, a grey kangaroo hopping across the path to a place of safety, a distant view of fleet-footed emus, or a glimpse of some singular example of the belated Australian fauna. Nor is the way unrelieved by the beauty of strange wild-flowers, which occasionally cluster in secret where the cool, soft mosses have been screened from the fiery summer heat, springing up unheeded where none are by to see and love, did we not believe

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die!

And so the day wears on, and the sun at length sets with a pomp and pageantry of colour that floods the woods with prismatic hues reflected from every leaf and tree. In a brief space the glowing disc sinks behind the Western hills, leaving a track of glory, a weird, unearthly light illuminating for a moment to its farthest recesses the unbroken expanse of what might be taken for an uninhabited world.

And then quickly succeeds the witchery of night in a semi-tropical land. The evening wind sighs through the shadowy trees, the fierce heat of day is summarily extinguished, and the glittering hosts of southern stars of dazzling brightness flame out in the measureless azure.

Oh, Summer-night of the South! Oh, sweet languor of zephyrs love-sighing!  
Oh, mighty circuit of shadowy solitude, holy and still!  
Music scarce audible, echoless harmony joyously dying,  
Dying in faint inspirations o'er meadow and forest and hill!

The serene beauty of the soft Australian night through the greater portion of the year will render camping-out no great hardship, and the peaceful bivouac will be grateful enough after a day spent in the saddle. The silence, certainly, will soon be broken by a medley of strange sounds; the rattle and chirp of every variety of bush-haunting insect, the notes of strange birds, the crackle of dead branches in the trees above, where nocturnal animals—soft furry woodland things with wild bright eyes—are feeding on the scent-laden eucalypti leaves, and other indescribable vocal emanations all round; but to these voices of the night the ear soon grows accustomed, and they become an undertone which scarcely arrests the attention. As the darkness deepens, the bright constellations will bedeck the whole expanse of sky with matchless splendour, and the familiar Southern Cross will shine down upon the tired horseman's forest-couch. When the moon unveils her silvery light above the tree-tops he will no longer seem companionless. In the peaceful radiance shed around the cares that infest the day will soon take wing, and under the soothing influence of a beauty so calm and majestic as that of our great Mother forgetfulness will softly come. It is a wonderfully strange experience to lie out under the canopy of night in the solemn silent shadows of the wild bush, and watch the constellations through the branches of the great trees as they gleam and brighten, wax dim and fade. Gradually the trees grow familiar to the traveller, their branches seem to bend caressingly over him, and, though the silence can be felt, it does not disturb. In a scene of utter loneliness, in time he will grow to feel not alone. He is one with all these forest surroundings—part of the night and its gladness—and he slumbers as fearlessly as though he were a sylvan faun and had joined the following of the great god Pan!

S. T.

## WILL O' THE WISP

MODERN Science offers no encouragement to the propagation of superstitious beliefs; in fact its exponents have a propensity for prying into the secrets of Nature, and prosaically arranging under natural laws the phenomena which puzzled—and sometimes frightened—our forefathers. Thus, fairies and elves, in this country at any rate, have practically gone out of date, and even ghosts have fallen into such disrepute that they now seldom make their appearance in our unappreciative age, for the denizens of Ghostland are of a retiring and seclusive disposition, and like not the ways of the Society for Psychical Research, or the aggravating scepticism of narrow-minded scientists, who admit only that which can be logically demonstrated to exist. In the dark ages of the past, however, imagination held unlimited sway, and things which were not understood were generally attributed to the devil, or supernatural agency of some kind. This method of overcoming difficulties was no doubt a very convenient one, and, although it may not possess much merit regarded from a purely scientific point of view, we owe to it many of those quaint myths and fanciful legends which, after flourishing through long ages, are now fast sinking into oblivion.

Bearing in mind the inherent superstitious tendencies of the ignorant, one can easily conceive a phenomenon like the *ignis fatuus* creating no small amount of perplexity as to its origin and nature; and there is little to be wondered at if an observer unversed

in the science of chemistry should be filled with amazement at the sight of a flame moving about mysteriously as though imbued with vitality, or guided by some unseen hand, and appearing, moreover, in marshy places where, seemingly, the conditions are most congenial to the support of combustion.

Some of our readers may possibly be aware that one of the products of decomposing organic matter is phosphuretted hydrogen, an inflammable gas which ignites spontaneously on mixing with the atmosphere, and it is this gas which, liberated under favourable conditions in suitable localities, produces the curious phenomenon popularly known as "Will o' the Wisp" or "Jack o' Lantern." Our ancestors, however, in the absence of School Board Education, did not usually include even the most elementary chemistry in the curriculum of their studies, and although some of them might dabble more or less in its forerunner, alchemy, it was with the object of discovering the chimerical Philosopher's Stone or the Elixir Vitæ rather than of investigating the secrets of nature. The explanation of the Will o' the Wisp, therefore, was in former times left entirely to the fertile imaginations of those who chose to exercise their ingenuity in weaving strange theories and marvellous legends to account for the things that they could not understand. Thus a writer of the seventeenth century asserts that "the lowest meteor in the air is the burning candle, or, as some call it, *ignis fatuus*. This is a hot and moist vapour which, striving to ascend, is repulsed by the cold, and fiered by antiperistasis, moves close by the earth, carried along with the vapours that feed it, keeping in low or moist places. The light is of an exceeding pale colour, very unwholesome to meet withal, by reason of the evil vapours it attracts unto it, which nourishes the pallid flame, and will often ascend (as those exhalations do), and as suddenly fall again, from whence the name is derived." From another authority of the same period we learn that the *ignis fatuus* "is caused of a great and well-compacted exhalation, and, being kindled, it stands in the aire, and by man's motion the ayre is moved, and the fire by the ayre, and so goes before or follows a man; and these kind of fires or meteors are bred near execution places, or churchyards, or great kitchens, where viscous and slimy matters and vapours abound in great quantity." A third writer also tells us that the will o' the wisp is "a certain viscous substance, reflecting light in the dark, evaporated out of a fat earth, and flying in the aire. They commonly haunt churchyards and fens, because they are begotten out of fatnesse. They follow one that flies them, and fly one that follows them, because the aire does so. They stay upon military ensigns and spears, because such are apt to stop, and tenacious of them. In the summer, and hot regions, they are more frequent, because the good concoction produces fatnesse."

In former times, when the Church of Rome held supreme sway, it was supposed by the more credulous of that faith that a will-o'-the-wisp was nothing more nor less than some unfortunate soul enveloped in the flames of Purgatory, and this idea in a modified form may be traced in the following Irish legend, which is related at greater length in that repository of curious odds and ends, *Notes and Queries*.

Will was a young blacksmith who sold his soul to the Devil for money. Shortly before his dealings with the Evil One, however, he had received a visit from an angel, who granted him three wishes, one of which was that when he set any one to work he might be able to keep them at their task as long as he pleased. The power thus conferred on him stood him in good stead when, at the end of seven years, His Satanic Majesty put in an appearance for the purpose of fulfilling the terms of the compact, and escorting the son of Vulcan to the regions below. Will expressed his readiness to accompany him as soon as he had finished shoeing the horse on which he was engaged, and requested his visitor to assist him by blowing the bellows of the forge. This the Devil obligingly did, but was thereupon kept hard at work until he was glad to obtain his release by granting Will another seven years on earth. At the end of the second term, however, the blacksmith again outwitted the Evil One, for, having prevailed on the latter to hammer a piece of iron, locked him up in the forge all night, during which time he had to work so hard that he wore away the anvil. Thus Will was enabled to again renew his lease of life; but at the end of the third term he found himself compelled to accompany his visitor. On the way, however, Will insisted on stopping at the first inn for a drink, and, declaring that he had no money, prevailed on the Devil to change himself into a small coin for a few minutes, in order that he might pay for the refreshment; but when the metamorphosis had taken place, the wily smith, instead of spending the coin, put it into his purse, and went home again, thus managing to cheat the Devil out of his bargain.

Ultimately, Will died, and then, finding that he could not gain admittance to heaven, he went down to the other place. But there also he was shut out, for the Devil had already had so much trouble with him that he flatly refused to keep him on his premises, so with a bundle, or "wisp," of burning straw fastened to his back, poor Will was doomed for ever to wander about the earth, where the light of his burning wisp may still be seen at nightfall as he restlessly hovers over the bogs or stagnant ponds, and leads astray the belated traveller who, mistaking the dancing flame for a lantern carried by some friendly hand, imprudently takes a short cut across country to get at it, and as likely as not finds himself floundering in some pool of dirty water for his pains.

W. C. F.

## DRAMATIC MOTIVE

IT is nice to walk out of the world, and go to the play. In the world there is much that is awfully perplexing. One is worrying the whole day long about the causes of things, for the motives on which people act in real life are very much mixed, and extremely difficult to fathom. Now in the play all this is changed; the characters you meet there seize the very first opportunity to put you in possession of their motives, so that life on the stage becomes to us simple and harmonious. This is no doubt the real cause of the pleasure which people in all ages have taken in the theatre. Lime-dresses may be something, scenery may be something more, even dresses may play a fractional part; but the perennial source of attraction is no doubt the lucidity of dramatic motive.

It is pleasing to contrast the fog and muddle of human affairs with the sweetness and light of the drama in this matter. If Jones asks you to go and stay a fortnight in his country house, you are usually, as a man of experience, much perplexed as to his real motives in so doing. With worldly wisdom you shrewdly conclude that there must be some motive accompanying the hospitality, and you puzzle yourself as to what it may be. Is he going to catch your caution on the hop after dinner, and sell you some shares or a horse? Does he want to borrow more money on that miserable town lot, on which there is absolutely no margin left? Are you to be thrown into the society of his eldest daughter Tabitha and her corkscrew curls, with matrimonial intentions? Are you simply going as a makeweight? Or are you intended to take the edge off Brown, the heavy, who is invited as well, and keep him from boring Jones? All these possible motives cross your mind as you are whirling down the country, and you cannot make head or tail of it. But on the stage it is very different. There, when a man asks another to come to his country house there is no such perplexity, for he takes care to tell you his motive in a penetrating "aside." "I will get him down to my country place," he says, "and in the Blue Chamber, at twelve, he shall wipe out with his gore the insult his double-dyed grandfather passed upon my great uncle on the

mother's side!" or it may be the "aside" will run, "Once in my house, I will ply him with liquor day and night till he divulges to me in his dreams the exact spot on the coast of Terra del Fuego where he has buried the billions." But whatever the motive may be, he states it clearly and distinctly, so that there is no possible mistake about it, and we always find afterwards that what he says is correct. How thankful we should be if Jones would do the same!

Again, in practical life, we are much perplexed as to the motives of people who meddle with the tender passion. There is, for instance, no more constant source of trouble to the British matron than the endeavour to discover the real motives of the young men who hang around her dovecot. "Do they mean business, or do they not?" is the plain question she is often asking herself. Young Green seems very tender to Matilda, calls very often on her brother Samuel, and stays in the evening to sing duets, while the brother Samuel, and does he intend to pronounce all other eligible men from Florrie; does he intend to pronounce himself, or is he going to behave like a brute? She would give a good deal to have a trustworthy answer to these questions, but even the whole family in solemn conclave is not equal to supplying it. No wonder then that it is a relief to her to go to the play. There, a young gentleman, when he meets a young lady, does not leave room for an instant's doubt as to his intentions. If he is impetuous, "She shall be mine," he says, aside, "for her I will slave night and day, and eject the bailiffs from the halls of my ancestors." If, on the all which engagement he carries out to the last kick. If, on the contrary, he be rich, he does not need to say anything aside, but immediately, at first sight, in well-chosen language, and with his knee on an upturned chair, he makes her an offer of self and fortune.

Another great puzzle of ordinary life is the motives which have induced certain people to marry certain other people. Nothing is more common than to hear it said, "Well, whatever could have induced him to marry her is more than I can imagine;" or, in the reverse case, "Why she ever accepted such a man it is impossible even to guess." Then hands go up, presumably in appeal to the departed Solomon for a solution, and we draw our chairs closer together, and go over the possible motives. Did he marry Miss Binks for her money? as some think; or for the post her father could help him to? as others think; or because he really fell in love with her? as some men will do, even with the plainest women; or because he flirted too far, and her big brother frightened him into it? Now on the stage we are never tormented with puzzles of this kind. There, when we see a married couple we know in five minutes why they were joined together—it was entirely for the sake of the contrast in their characters. There, the excitable man marries the philosophical woman, the peppery man the mild woman, the weak man the termagant woman, the bumptious man the sarcastic woman; and we all know that they do so just because it helps to make fun, and for no reason in the world else.

All plays alike offer this refreshing simplicity of motive, but if there is one dramatic production which more than another displays this peculiar charm, it is the comic opera. The comic opera offers perfect mental repose, while pleasing the eye with a succession of pretty and variegated pictures, and tickling the ear with vivacious or tender tones. When you go to see the mirror held up to Nature by comic opera, you discover, almost as soon as the curtain rises, that one plain and simple motive prompts the actions of all the characters, and that is musical exigency. People come on for the pellucid reason that they are wanted to sing, and they go off again for the equally clear reason that they have done singing, and their room is wanted for the next performer. This explains the whole plot of the piece, and the grounds on which everybody acts, and there is no temptation whatever to go behind it for more occult motives. This is the real reason, no doubt, why comic opera is such a favourite form of entertainment, and why the most intellectual people are seen rushing to it for a rest.

Dramatic motive has also one other charm which should not be lost sight of. It is not only clear as crystal to the meanest comprehension, but it is out-and-out. There are no half measures about it. For instance, to endeavour to lead a quiet and blameless life is an excellent everyday motive, but that is of no good whatever on the stage. The drama will not have such milk-and-water goodness as that. If a man wants to do any good in a play, he must shell out strikingly. A guinea subscription is the time-honoured and correct thing wherewith to meet the demands on our charity in ordinary life, but on the stage you must cheerfully part with thousands, and to people whom you have hardly seen.

In everyday life we should think the man who had clothed the orphan, and apprenticed him to a trade, had done remarkably well; but on the stage he would have, in addition, to make him his heir, and marry him to his daughter, before he could hope for even a "round." Or, taking the converse case, if we saw a man in real life neglecting his home, and shirking his obligations as a citizen and ratepayer, we should say he was a man of bad motive; but such badness as that is far too wishy-washy for the footlights. To be a bad man in a play, you must be prepared to scourge the innocent, to forge, and to rob; and even then you are not complete unless you are prepared to change babies at nurse.

R. T. G.

## The Emperor William II.

### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

THERE was great joy in Berlin and all over Prussia on the 27th of January, 1859. The eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England had borne her husband, the only son of the then Prince Regent, the late German Emperor William, a son, and thus the direct succession in Prussia was secured for one generation more. The happy grandfather had not patience to wait till his carriage was ready, but hastened to the neighbouring Palace of his son, to see his grandson eye to eye, and welcome him as a scion and as the future head of the Hohenzollerns.

It was a strong child, as General Field-Marshal von Wrangel announced to the numerous crowd assembled before the Palace: "Children!" said he, "All's well! It's a good sturdy recruit!" But all who had occasion to see the Prince soon after described him as "an extremely pretty and very girl-like boy."

The christening, at which the Prince received the names "Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert," was, of course, a most brilliant affair, and was celebrated with all the pomp and splendour which the Court of Berlin loves to display at high solemnities.

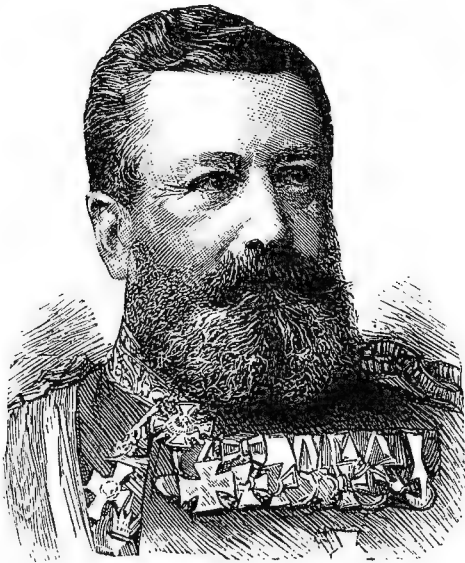
From his earliest childhood the Prince received a very careful and loving, but also extremely strict, not to say rigorous, education; one of the numerous little instances of this may be mentioned here.

It was a source of much pleasure to the little Prince that the sentinels had to present arms to him, so much so, indeed, that he sometimes did not wait till he was fully dressed, but hastened down into the court, to receive the military honours which he loved so well. Great was his surprise one day when the sentinels took absolutely no notice of him. Burning with indignation, he rushed to his father, and told him this terrible fact with the utmost excitement. His father listened with sympathy, looked at him keenly,



and then asked in a tone clearly expressive of doubt: "Your dress is in perfect order, I hope, before you show yourself in public?" When Prince William blushed and answered "No," his father calmly said: "No sentinel is permitted to render the due honours to a Prince who is not dressed entirely as prescribed!" Prince William left the room with a thoughtful brow, and since then no sentinel has ever seen him dressed otherwise than "entirely as prescribed."

This little story is extremely characteristic of the whole future development of the present Emperor. He grew up in the feeling of the absolute necessity of the strictest performance of duty, of the full recognition of even severe blame, when just, and of the most sincere and earnest endeavour to get rid of the recognised fault, but without ever allowing the singularly pronounced individuality of the strongly self-conscious "I" to be influenced thereby in the least. His leading principle has been the famous saying of Frederick the Great: "I am the first servant of the State." How early he became clearly conscious of this full responsibility of his position appeared very distinctly at his confirmation. This solemn act took place on September 1st, 1873, in the richly decorated Friedenskirche, at Potsdam. His Imperial grandparents, his parents, the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Knights of the Order of the Black Eagle, the Ministers, all the



GENERAL VON VERDY DU VERNONIS  
The Prussian Minister of War

highest civil and military dignitaries of Berlin and Potsdam, and his teachers, were present. The Prince felt fully and deeply the seriousness of the step which in some degree introduced him to public life. He read the confession of his faith in a loud clear voice, laying special emphasis on the most important passages, especially on the words: "I know that difficult duties await me in life." This solemn ceremony made a lasting impression on all present, and they left the church in deep emotion.

#### KASSEL AND BONN

Soon after, the Prince and his brother Henry were sent to the Lyceum Fridericianum at Kassel. The time he spent there is among the dearest remembrances of the present German Emperor. He was generally liked and esteemed by his schoolfellows, with whom he associated with great amiability, frankness, and friendliness, and has kept up diligent correspondence and intercourse for many years. It is only too natural, under such circumstances, that often the strangest wishes and requests have been addressed to him. Not much more than a year and a-half ago, he met one of his Kassel schoolfellows in one of the streets of Berlin or Potsdam, spoke to him, and said in the course of conversation—"Just think!



H.E. HERR VON LIEBENAU  
H.M.'s Court Marshal

X. with whom we were at Kassel together, and who is now an apothecary, wrote to me lately, asking me to get him permission to open an apothecary's shop in Berlin. As if I could have the least word to say in such a matter!" This is so complete a proof of the then Prince's absolute disinclination to the slightest favouring of his friends, or of persons in near relation to him, that it deserves to be recorded as a brilliant example to all future rulers.

His stay at Kassel lasted more than two years—from autumn, 1874, till the beginning of 1877. He then submitted himself, like every other pupil who intends to go to a university, to the examination for the certificate of maturity, which was accorded him in the most honourable form. On his leaving the High School of Kassel, a very special honour was done him. It is the custom there that the most meritorious and diligent of those who pass the leaving-examination receive the so-called "Richter's medal" as a distinction. Prince William received one, "especially," as the head master said, "in recognition of his uniform and persevering diligence." He indeed laboured with iron and uninterrupted diligence completely to master everything that he began in the school, as he is still doing whenever he begins something new.

His answer to the head master was short and simple, but highly characteristic of him. He said—"You cannot imagine what pleasure the bestowal of this medal gives me, for I know that I have deserved it; I have honestly done what I could."

After the example of several Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, Prince William went from Kassel to the charmingly-situated University of Bonn, and devoted himself, from 1877 to 1879, to hearing the so-called Special Lectures, *i.e.*, those which were to prepare him for his future calling. The subjects of these lectures were Politics, Finance, Political Economy, Common Law, and International Law; but he did not neglect the opportunity of hearing lectures on other subjects, which corresponded less to the necessity of preparation for his calling than to the natural craving of his own mind, especially on History, Art, and the History of Art. Nor did he fail to enjoy an ample share of the pleasures of students' life; he joined the "Borussia" corps, to which most of the scions of the high Prussian aristocracy now belong, for a longer or shorter period, during their student-time at Bonn.

His military companion there was his present Court-Marshal, Von Liebenau, to whom belongs the great merit that he not only kept house for the Prince, with limited means and considerable splendour, even at times when the household was by no means small, but also that he nevertheless was able to make savings, which were sometimes rather considerable.

#### BETROTHAL AND WEDDING

In February, 1880, soon after his return from Bonn to Berlin, he betrothed himself at Gotha to the Princess Victoria Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. She was born on October 22nd, 1858, and is therefore three months older than he. The betrothal was celebrated very quietly at first, the family of the Princess being in deep mourning at the time for the death of her father, Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, whose lot it had not been to wear the Crown of that country. On June 2nd, 1880, the betrothal was officially announced in the Round Hall of Babelsberg Palace, and the wedding was celebrated, with all due pomp and circumstance, in the Palace at Berlin nine months later, on February 27th, 1881.

Even on this joyful occasion, however, the happy bridegroom did not for one moment forget to be the most perfect example of obedience to duty. Early in the morning of February 26th he practised the parade-march with his company of the First Foot Guards, which was to be guard of honour to his bride in the Palace in Berlin, that



BARON VON HEINTZE  
Master of the Royal Hunt

it might perform its duty with credit before his Imperial grandfather, his father, the numerous Princes, and other illustrious guests, who would scrutinise the troop under his command with keen and critical eyes. In the afternoon he went with his company to Berlin, led it himself from the Potsdam Station to the Palace amid the endless cheers of the assembled crowds, and then, after transferring the command in prescribed form to the oldest officer, went up to the brilliantly-decorated halls of the Palace, where the illustrious company of wedding-guests awaited him. On the following day—the wedding-day itself—he went early to Potsdam, not to lose the pleasure of fastening to the man's breast with his own hands an order which the old Emperor William, in his well-known goodness of heart, had bestowed on the sergeant-major of his company the evening before. Then he returned to Berlin, and was wedded with the usual ceremonies—change of rings, cannon-thunder, &c.—followed by all manner of festivities and ceremonies on the ensuing days. Of the numerous answers given by him to bearers of congratulatory addresses and presents, I mention only that which he addressed to the deputation of the City of Berlin. After declaring that "the example of their parents and grandparents would be his and his consort's lodestar through life," he concluded thus:—"We make this vow as a small thank-offering for all tokens of love and attachment, and beg you to tell the whole Fatherland that we shall devote our whole lives to the fulfilment of our duties." The Prince's strong sense of duty induced him to return as soon as possible to his post, and on March 2nd, only three days after the wedding, the young couple went to live at Potsdam.

Their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, are now the parents of five children, all sons:—

- (1) The Crown Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst, born May 6th, 1882.
- (2) The Prince Wilhelm Eitel Friedrich Christian Karl, born July 7th, 1883.
- (3) The Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Berengar Victor, born July 14th, 1884.
- (4) The Prince August Wilhelm Heinrich Günther Victor, born January 29th, 1887.
- (5) The Prince Oskar Karl Gustav Adolf, born July 27th, 1888.

We add an illustration of the christening of the Crown Prince, which illustration is so much the more interesting as it contains portraits of many members of the Royal House who have since died—the great-grandfather looking lovingly at the child, whom he holds in his arms; the then Crown Prince, afterwards the Emperor Frederick, in full Field Marshal's uniform, standing beside his venerable father; Prince Frederick Charles in hussar's uniform, &c.

#### RESULTS OF EDUCATION

In accordance with the wish of his parents, which was approved of by his grandparents, Prince William's education was conducted, contrary to the old traditions of his House, on the principle that his interest in civil life ought greatly to predominate over his interest in military matters. All steps were taken in order to gain this end. The Prince, however, who grew up under the mighty influences of a time singularly rich in military glory for Prussia and Germany,

especially in the years in which his character was most susceptible to such influences, received with the fullest and keenest interest all that was placed before him with a view to awakening in him a special preference for civil life, but evinced in this case, too, his characteristic individuality and consistency; he remained, in spite of all, first and foremost, heart and soul, a soldier, interested above all in the Army and Navy.

It is a singular and noteworthy fact that the complete re-organisation of the Prussian Army, which made it the first in all the world, began in the year of the Emperor William II.'s birth, and that it was reserved for him to sign, in the first year of his reign, the orders which must be regarded as the crowning cope-stone of this gigantic work, the new drill regulations for the Infantry and Field-artillery. The reorganisation of the Prussian Army took exactly thirty years, but the result was magnificent, and has gained Prussia the surname of the "Modern Sparta." This highly perfected organism of the Prussian and German Army now stands in the completest possible condition under the Emperor William II., who, partly owing to his most excellent military training, partly owing to his admirable natural talents, is signally well-fitted to fill this post.

Like every other Prussian prince, Prince William was, on his tenth birthday, in 1869, appointed an officer of the First Foot-Guards at Potsdam, with the right to wear its uniform on grand



PROFESSOR DR. LEUTHOLD  
H.M.'s Physician in Ordinary

occasions, but, of course, without duties. In order, however, to make him in some measure acquainted with the officers of the regiment, his father took him one day in the following summer to dine with them. In proposing Prince William's health on that occasion, the Crown Prince said, among other things:—"I recommend my son to the good comradeship of this famous regiment, and request the gentlemen, his comrades, not to be in the least anxious about the delicate appearance of my son, who does, indeed, look rather delicate in the tight-fitting uniform; but the older gentlemen, who still remember the day, in the year 1841, on which I had the happiness to enter this eminent regiment, will also remember that I was then quite as little and delicate as my William; but I have grown up since then into a tolerably big, healthy, and strong man, and I hope the same will happen to my son." In confirmation of these words, he then sent round a daguerrotype that had been taken of him at the time, and all present had to own that it might just as well have been a portrait of their little comrade, his eldest son.

It was not till 1877, when he returned from Kassel, that the difficult duties of garrison service were required of him, and then only in part and for a short time. Then it was that he was formally



COLONEL COUNT WEDEL  
H.M.'s Aide-du-Camp

invested by his grandfather with the order of the Black Eagle, and appointed full Lieutenant in the First Foot Guards. His duties as an officer, however, were interrupted by his studies at Bonn, and only after he had finished them, did he devote himself almost exclusively to the profession which he had recognised as the one for which he was best fitted.

#### THE EMPEROR AND THE ARMY

THE training in active service was not made easy for him, for he had to endure all the fatigues which the other officers, his comrades, underwent, even after attaining a pretty high military rank. The following anecdote may serve as a proof of this:—One day, when he was Captain of a company in the First Foot Guards, there was a review, followed by the usual *critique*, which was very complete but also quite unusually tiresome. After about twenty minutes of it Prince William very cautiously pulled out his watch. The general, however, who was delivering the *critique*, noticed this, and said very loudly, "If any one has a right to pull out his watch





THE EMPEROR AND PRINCE BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH



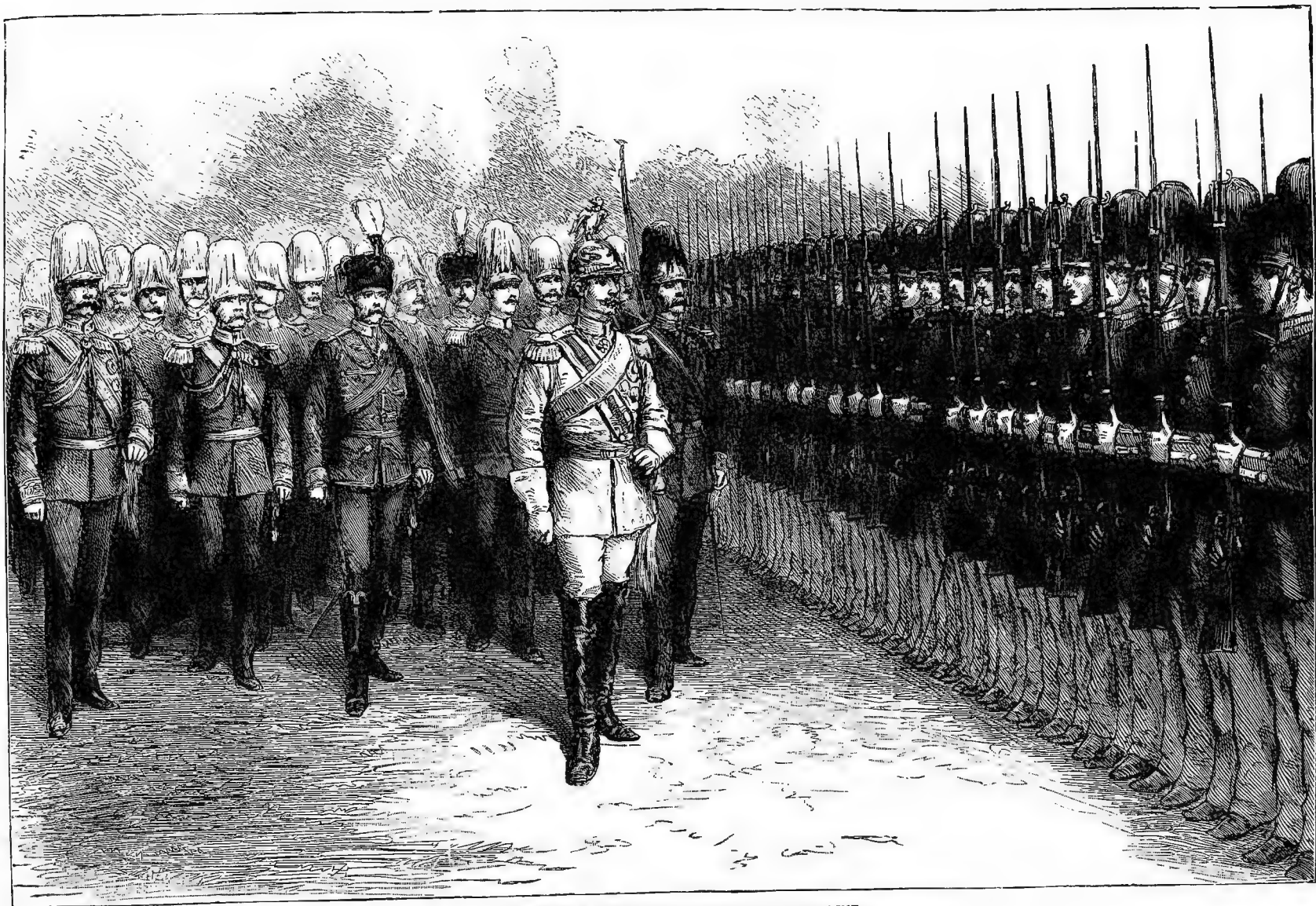
THE EMPRESS AND HER FIVE SONS



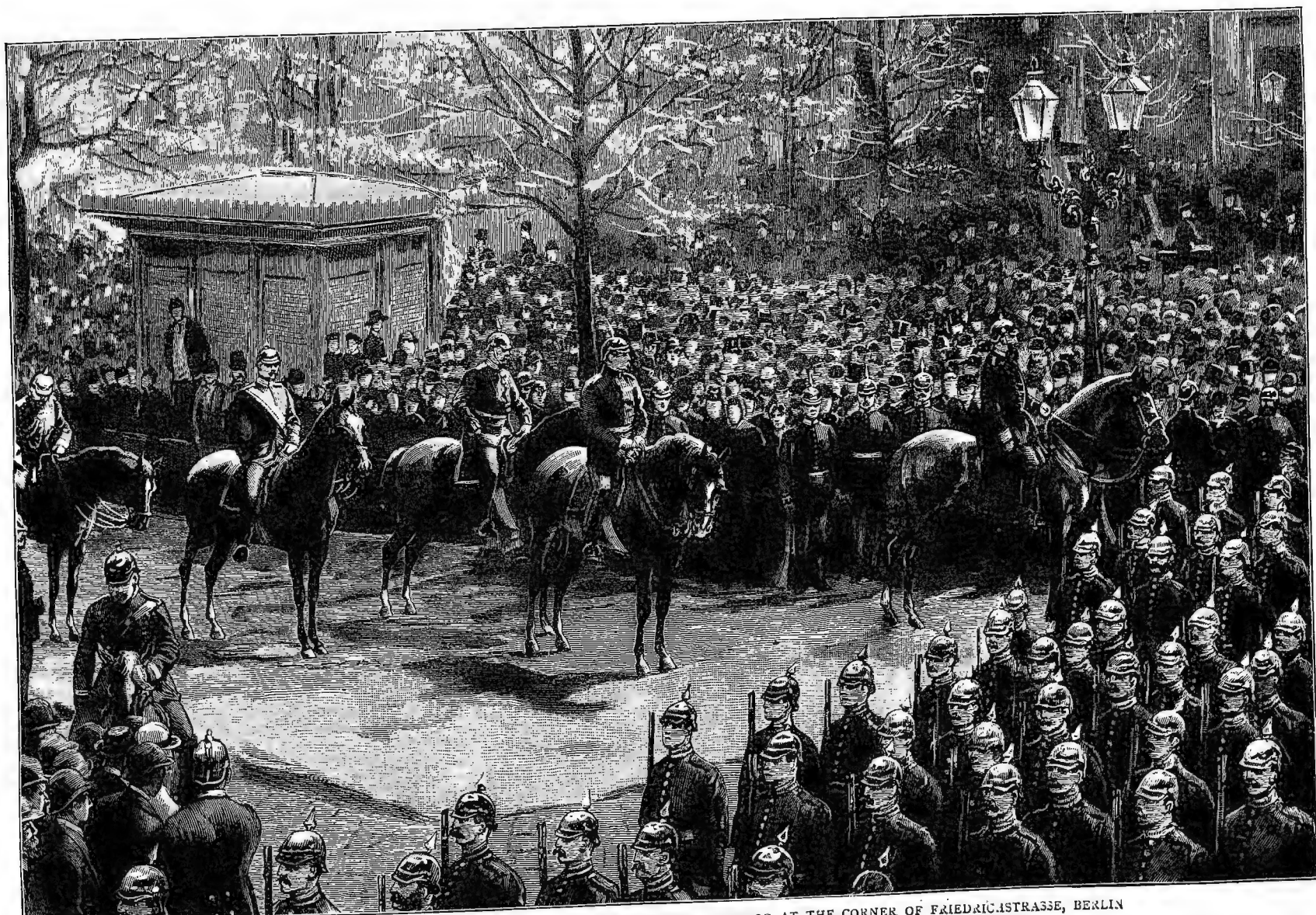
THE EMPEROR ON A SHOOTING EXPEDITION

SCENES FROM THE EVERY DAY LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR





THE EMPEROR INSPECTING INFANTRY OF THE LINE



THE SECOND FOOT GUARDS, AFTER A PARADE, MARCHING PAST THE EMPEROR AT THE CORNER OF FRIEDRICHSSTRASSE, BERLIN

SCENES FROM THE EVERY DAY LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR



here, it is I alone!" The Emperor's sense of justice, however, is so great that almost immediately after his accession he gave that general one of the highest and most responsible offices about his person.

In order to learn thoroughly what is required of the officers in all three arms of the service—Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery—Prince William was transferred, after his appointment as Major on September 16th, 1880, to the Hussar Guards at Potsdam, and three years later to the Field Artillery Guards in Berlin. In all these years he not only distinguished himself by the strictest fulfilment of duty, but also gained the special praise of all his superiors by his quite extraordinary military talents, which he most clearly displayed both in practical and in theoretical service. He was appointed Colonel in September, 1885, and, four weeks later, commander of the Hussar Guards.

Despite the strict discipline which Prince William maintained, both among the officers (I remind the reader only of his declaration to his grandfather, the Emperor, that he would rather lay down the command of the regiment than permit gambling among the officers) and among the men, he was very popular among them, for he not only displayed the liveliest interest in each of them, but also possessed the art of carrying them along with him by short but pithy speeches to the point—a rare and happy talent, which he still possesses in full measure.

After having commanded the Hussar Guards to the perfect satisfaction of his grandfather for two years and a quarter, he was appointed Major-General on his birthday, January 27th, 1888, and immediately afterwards Commander of the Second Brigade of Foot Guards.

Animated by truly filial feelings, he led these troops, after very fatiguing movements round Spandau, past his father at Charlottenburg—the only occasion on which the latter was able to review troops as Emperor—on May 18th, 1888; and on May 18th, 1889, he, with his own hand, laid a magnificent laurel wreath on the spot in the Palace grounds at Charlottenburg on which his father had held this review, and praised him in the highest terms.

Crown Prince William was even then an enthusiastic admirer of the views which found expression in the famous new infantry drill regulations, the application of which he most zealously watches over as Emperor, that they may become "a second nature to every soldier in his army, from the General down to the rank and file."

That this has really been attained appeared very clearly at the manoeuvres this spring. No more attacks of masses of troops on a skeleton enemy marked only by poles or a few soldiers with pennons, but attacks on one or several battalions, while quite unexpected reinforcements of cavalry, infantry, and artillery are suddenly sent now to the one, now to the other of the troops engaged, so that the final victory often falls quite contrary to expectation, not having been preconcerted, but depending on the skill of the commanders-in-chief and of their subordinates.

Thus, so to speak, the war-game is played with real troops and on real ground.

### THE EMPEROR AND THE NAVY

It might be supposed from the above that the Emperor William II. is acquainted with and interested in the army only, but this is by no means the case, for he has been equally interested in the navy since his earliest years. As a young officer at Potsdam, at a time when it was the fashion, not only among civilians, but also among officers, to mock at the young German Navy, he felt extremely indignant at this, and delivered to the officers of the garrison a lecture on the purposes and future of the German Navy, so excellent from the historical, military, and strategical points of view, that two or three of his comrades of that time exchanged the military for the naval career. He is, of course, far too sagacious to let his love for the German Navy seduce him into trying to make it the first in the world, and into envying every great Power which possesses a stronger one, especially as he knows right well what the German Empire can afford in this respect. He, therefore, greeted the recent vote for the increase of the British Navy with joy, for he is fully convinced that Germany and England are summoned, by the almost absolute identity of their interests, to supplement each other, and that, if they are not both to be ruined, Great Britain must have the strongest navy, and the German Empire the most efficient army, in the world.

The Emperor gives unequivocal expression to his great love of the navy on every possible occasion. Bred, like his ancestors, in the rules of the strictest etiquette, he appears on every suitable opportunity in the uniform of a Rear-Admiral, the naval rank corresponding to that of Major-General which he holds in the army.

The Emperor's deep interest in naval affairs has already caused the most incisive changes in the German Navy. One of his first steps as Emperor was to prepare the way for a complete reform of the plan and construction for the German Navy, which favoured the acquisition of numerous small ships and torpedo-boats, whereas the Emperor William is one of the warmest advocates of colossal ironclads. Another far-reaching change was the division of the Admiralty into two departments—one for the administration and the other for the active service. A third innovation was the creation of a Naval Cabinet, which has to perform the same duties for the navy as the Military Cabinet for the army, especially with regard to the promotion of officers and all that belongs to that.

The Emperor tries to be present at as many naval manoeuvres as possible, though, amid the tremendous host of his daily duties on land, this is by no means easy. Now and then, however, he gains one or two days in order to perform these duties too, which he deems just as urgent as his other ones. In order, too, in some measure, to remedy the disadvantage of distance from the sea, he has had a sailor's station established on the fine Havel Lakes close to Potsdam, and this station is gradually to become a centre of all new maritime and naval inventions—a kind of miniature Naval and Maritime Museum.

If, with all his severity, the Emperor is deeply loved and honoured by his army, he is, since his visit to Wilhelmshaven to be present at the setting to sea of the *Alexandrine* on her way to Samoa to fill the place of the *Adler*, almost worshipped by the navy. On that occasion he delivered a speech which took captive the hearts of the whole navy. He then went on board the *Greif* to accompany the departing ship out to sea.

The Emperor's love of the navy is, of course, accompanied by a deep interest in foreign and distant lands, and the young colonies of the German Empire find, perhaps, more sympathy in him than in his predecessors—a circumstance well worth noting, especially now that the first intoxication of German enthusiasm for the colonies has made way for the earnest endeavour to preserve them and render them useful to the Fatherland.

### THE EMPEROR AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

THE Emperor's activity as Prince was not confined to the Military Service; he was early intrusted with important diplomatic missions, in accordance with an old custom of the Hohenzollerns, who have always liked to entrust such missions to a prince most closely connected with the throne. In May, 1884, a few months after his twenty-fifth birthday, he went to St. Petersburg to be present at the declaration of the Czarevitch's coming of age. On the last days before his departure he had long conferences with Prince Bismarck, which affords a presumption that his visit to St.

Petersburg was not one of congratulation only. The Czar and the Russian Court were highly pleased and flattered that the House of Hohenzollern sent the future heir of the Imperial throne of Germany to the capital of the icy North as their official representative at a ceremony to which all the other Courts paid hardly any attention, and they were delighted by the frank amiability of the illustrious guest, who quite fascinated Russian society, and quickly gained the hearts of the Russian Army and Navy by his appropriate and timely remarks in Russian. No wonder, then, that after his return to Berlin his Imperial grandfather spoke with extreme satisfaction of the success of the journey, saying:—"My grandson has settled this difficult matter in hardly as many hours as months were spent on it before." It was little noticed at the time, but was perhaps a much more important circumstance, that Prince William then, for the first time, got to know the eminent qualities of Count Herbert Bismarck, who was then attached to the German Embassy in St. Petersburg. His intimate relations with the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs probably date from that time.

His first diplomatic mission, which he as Emperor dictated himself, was his "journey to the North Lands," the northernmost point of which was St. Petersburg, whence he returned *vid* Stockholm and Copenhagen.

His other diplomatic journeys, as Emperor, to the South German Courts, and to Vienna, Rome, and Naples, are still too fresh in the memories of all to need mention here. Only a legend of his visit to Pope Leo in the Vatican, which has gained wide circulation, especially in England, may be denied in passing. A telegram, which was sent from Rome to London at the time, declared that at their meeting, the Emperor had bowed the knee before the Pope. This is false. He only bowed his head to him.

On his return from these diplomatic errands to Berlin, urgent duties of the Civil Service awaited him, to which he devoted himself with the same assiduity and fidelity as to his military ones, though destiny had allowed him but little time to prepare himself for them, viz., half a year's experience of administration, and half a year in the public offices, especially in that of Foreign Affairs, which was already under the able direction of Count Bismarck. The time was short, but his keen understanding and quick apprehension enabled him to turn it to good account. Very many fine and interesting instances of this are told, but one may suffice. During his stay on the Rhine last year, where he inspected extensive docks and works for the improvement of the river, he inquired most minutely about their influence on railway-transport. On hearing that the latter had increased, he exclaimed:—"Well, I have always said that the increase of communications by water does not diminish, but rather increases, traffic by land, including railway-traffic."

This clear insight into and keen understanding of all Governmental affairs is essentially assisted by the Emperor's talent for choosing the fittest men, however one-sided they may be, as the heads of departments in the civil, military, and naval services. He appointed Count Waldersee Count Moltke's successor as Chief of the General Staff of the Army, General Verdy du Vernois Minister of War, General von Wittich, Chief of his "Head-Quarters" (the Military Household), and General von Hahnke, Chief of the Military Cabinet, all men of eminent abilities and comprehensive knowledge. General von Verdy is one of the best and most brilliant military writers living, and General von Wittich so strongly fascinated the Emperor, when Prince William, by his attractive method of instruction, that the latter still hears lectures from him on military history, mostly with the help of the war-game, which so irrefutably tests the possibility of turning theory into practice. As chief of the Admiralty, the Emperor appointed Vice-Admiral Count Monts, his most zealous helper in carrying out his Naval reforms, and, after the latter's death, Vice-Admiral Baron von der Goltz, an equally enthusiastic champion of the Emperor's ideas.

In passing from the naval and military sphere of things it may be opportune, by way of transition, to say a word about hunting and other sports. The hunts have been managed hitherto with the greatest attention and success by Baron von Heintze, Vice-Master of the Royal Hunt, for His Majesty, who, by the way, is an infallible shot. Nobody remembers ever having heard of his missing. One day last year he fired the stupendous number of more than 600 successful shots. Lately, near Potsdam, he fired seven shots in little more than two hours. Six roebucks were found dead on the spot, but no trace of the seventh bullet could be discovered until the next morning, when a seventh roebuck, of great size, was found dead in a thicket, into which he had dragged himself, despite his mortal wound.

In the Civil Service exactly the same principles prevail as in the Army and Navy, and the Emperor has been very happy hitherto in the choice of civil officials too. His Chief of the Civil Cabinet is Herr von Lucanus, a very encyclopædia of knowledge, and a worker of incredible power and perseverance. The Prussian Minister of Justice is now Herr von Schelling, former Chief of the Imperial Office of Justice—a man in many respects unbending, and preferring the old to the new, not so pliant as his predecessor, but possessing the same deep and comprehensive legal knowledge as he, and, it is said, much less prejudiced and more impartial.

In foreign affairs His Majesty did not need to make any changes, for their main management is in the hands of the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, assisted by his eldest son, Count Herbert Bismarck, the State-Secretary of the Foreign Office of the German Empire. It is natural that the German Radicals cry down this transference of an office from father to son as nepotism, and as the creation of a majordomo ship, but this is quite unjust. Count Bismarck has not only the infinite advantage of having been trained by his peerless father, and of, therefore, being able to maintain the continuity of foreign policy so extremely important and necessary for all great States, but is himself regarded as one of the most eminent of the young German diplomatists, even by foreign diplomatists, and justly so, for, so far as I have heard and seen, Count Bismarck is distinguished by jovial amiability closely bordering on German good-nature, Platonic calmness, composed frankness, and penetrating sagacity—qualities which enable him not only quickly to detect the weaknesses of opponents, but also to avail himself of them in the most practical form for furthering the aims of German policy. That the Count possesses such qualities must be so much the more important for the Emperor, as he himself, amid the multitude of his duties, cannot get to know more than the quintessence of the affairs of the various departments.

The German Radicals declare it to be impermissible, nay, even criminal, that the German Emperor from time to time visits Count Bismarck and receives reports in his house, just as in Prince Bismarck's house; but, in doing so, they not only utterly forget their Democratic principle of the absolute equality of all the members of a State from the monarch downwards, but also, above all, the fact that the Emperor, when he was only Prince William, repeatedly went to the Foreign Office to speak about international questions and affairs of the highest importance with Count Bismarck, who was then already Foreign Secretary, and of whose talents he had often enough had occasion to see proof since his first visit to St. Petersburg in 1884. Add to this that the Count possesses a power of work hardly second to that of his father, who is said to have declared that the day of twenty-four hours is too short, as he had to work for at least twenty of them. This example of their chief, of course, influences all the other officials of the Foreign Office, and one often sees lights burning after midnight in the rooms of the Privy Councillors and Councillors in the Wilhelm-Strasse.

### THE EMPEROR IN PRIVATE LIFE

It is quite incorrect to say that the Emperor William II. is always grave, and cannot be otherwise. It is true that he displays great seriousness of deportment on all official occasions, but people who meet him on other occasions are delighted with the amiability and affable friendliness with which he treats high and low. His family-life especially is distinguished by a quite touching simplicity and cordiality; towards his consort he is the tenderest of husbands, and his sons, in whose childish games he does not disdain to join, honour in him the most loving of fathers. He likes cheerful social life, with suggestive conversation on scientific and important subjects, and the company which he occasionally gathered round him in the long winter evenings—not exactly a Tobacco Parliament à la Friedrich Wilhelm I., and yet something similar—gave him, it is said, many pleasant hours.

A prominent trait of his character is that he is determined to be above all a German, and nothing but a German. It is, therefore, only amusing to hear people declare that he is anti-English and philo-Russian, and others that he would like to be an Englishman, if he were not a German. Both statements are equally false. He wishes to be simply and solely a German, and has given unambiguous expression to this wish in various ways. When his Berlin residence in the old Palace was being got ready for him, one of the architects asked him whether he would like to have the portrait of the "Roi-Soleil," Louis XIV., hung in his working-room. The Emperor looked at him with an expression of astonishment, and said: "I don't know what you think of me, or what I am to think of you."

The decided preference for everything German appears in him on all occasions. As his favourite play, when a boy, was Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," his favourites now are "The Quixotes" (though it is pretty easy to write felicitous prophecies *post festum*) and similar patriotic plays, especially if the subjects be taken from the history of the Hohenzollerns. His taste in music is similar. Of the older operas his favourites are Meyerbeer's "Camp in Silesia," &c., of the present ones above all those of Richard Wagner, and he is specially fond of marches. He is an enthusiast for German Science and Art, and displays especially for the latter a fine and deep understanding, coupled with a rare sense of colour-harmony and architectural beauty. It is, therefore, generally believed that, under his reign, the Fine Arts in Germany will enter on a new and brilliant era, which they all the more need, as they have for many decades been forced into the background by the military and other important necessities of the time. Add to this, that on the few public festal occasions which have yet occurred during his reign, a pomp and splendour has been displayed, such as has seldom been seen there since the time of the splendour-loving King Frederick I. Never-to-be-forgotten was the spectacle, when, at the opening of his first Reichstag, the Emperor appeared in his Imperial purple mantle, at the head of all the Princes of the German Confederation, a warning hint to all who hoped that the unity of the German Empire would not survive the death of the Emperor William I. Before him marched the great Court-dignitaries with the insignia of the Empire, Count Moltke bearing the Imperial banner, and he was followed by the Knights of the Black Eagle, the highest of the Prussian orders, in their flowing cloaks of violet-purple. The ceremony took place in the splendid White Hall, which looked grand in spite of its mournful decorations, and was filled with German Secretaries of State, Prussian Ministers, members of the Federal Council and the Reichstag, &c. The Emperor took his stand before the Throne, and read the Throne Speech which Prince Bismarck handed to him, with a somewhat hesitating and broken voice at first, but afterwards loud and clearly, repeatedly interrupted by the enthusiastic applause of the people's representatives, who were present in greater numbers than ever before.

The truly brilliant reception given by the Emperor and the City of Berlin to the allied King Umberto on his recent visit to the German capital is still fresh in the memories of all. The Army and the Civil Service, the Arts and the Sciences combined with rare harmony in doing their best to make King Umberto's entrance a real triumphal procession, and their efforts, favoured by the most splendid weather, were crowned with signal success. One of our illustrations represents the moment when the Emperor received his guest at the Anhalt Station, and stepped with him along the front of the guard of honour drawn up there.

Another trait of the Emperor's character must be mentioned here. It is a widespread opinion that he and his father were always most sharply opposed to one another, but nothing is farther. Their characters, indeed, were fundamentally different in many respects, but this never prevented the father from loving his son most affectionately, or the son from returning his father's love with entire sincerity and deepest veneration, which finds its finest and most unambiguous expression in the fact that he regards it as one of his most sacred duties to carry out his father's numerous plans for the public good, which the latter was not permitted to execute.

### THE EMPEROR AND THE CHANCELLOR

ALL who saw the veteran Prince-Chancellor listening with keenest attention, his hands on the hilt of his big cuirassier-sword, and his head bent a little forward, to the Emperor's words, when His Majesty read his first Throne Speech in the White Hall—all who saw the long-restrained tear roll slowly into his white moustache as he received the speech back from the Emperor's hand, and tried to kiss that hand, which the Emperor did not allow—all, I say, who saw that scene, know well with what feelings he regards the young Monarch, on whom he can look with just pride as almost his only pupil, so far as a man like the Emperor can be called anybody's pupil. Nobody knows the independence of the Emperor's mind better than the Chancellor himself, who expressed it once in the words, "This Emperor will be his own Chancellor one day."

The Emperor's feelings for the Chancellor are those of the deepest respect and veneration, and often find impulsive expression. Whenever he passes Friedrichsruh when the Chancellor is there, he visits him. This happened for the first time on his return from his visits to the Northern Courts. He arrived there on July 31st, spent the night under the Chancellor's roof, intending to continue his journey next morning, but felt so happy there that he stayed till afternoon. His second visit was on October 29th (an illustration represents his meeting with the Chancellor on that occasion), when he returned from the festivities at Hamburg in honour of the incorporation of that city in the Customs Union. This visit is so much the more noteworthy as the Chancellor was compelled at the last moment, for the sake of his health, to withdraw his promise to be present at the ceremony. There is nothing, however, which more clearly shows the Emperor's way of thinking than the following letter of congratulation, which he sent to the Chancellor at Friedrichsruh last New Year, and of which every true lover of peace hopes for the complete fulfilment. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR PRINCE—

"The year which has brought us such severe afflictions and irreparable losses is drawing to a close. The thought that you still stand faithful at my side, and enter the New Year in vigorous strength, fills me with joy and comfort. From the bottom of my heart I desire for you happiness, blessings, and, above all, lasting health, and pray Heaven that I may long be permitted to work with you for the welfare and greatness of our Fatherland."

"WILHELM I.R.

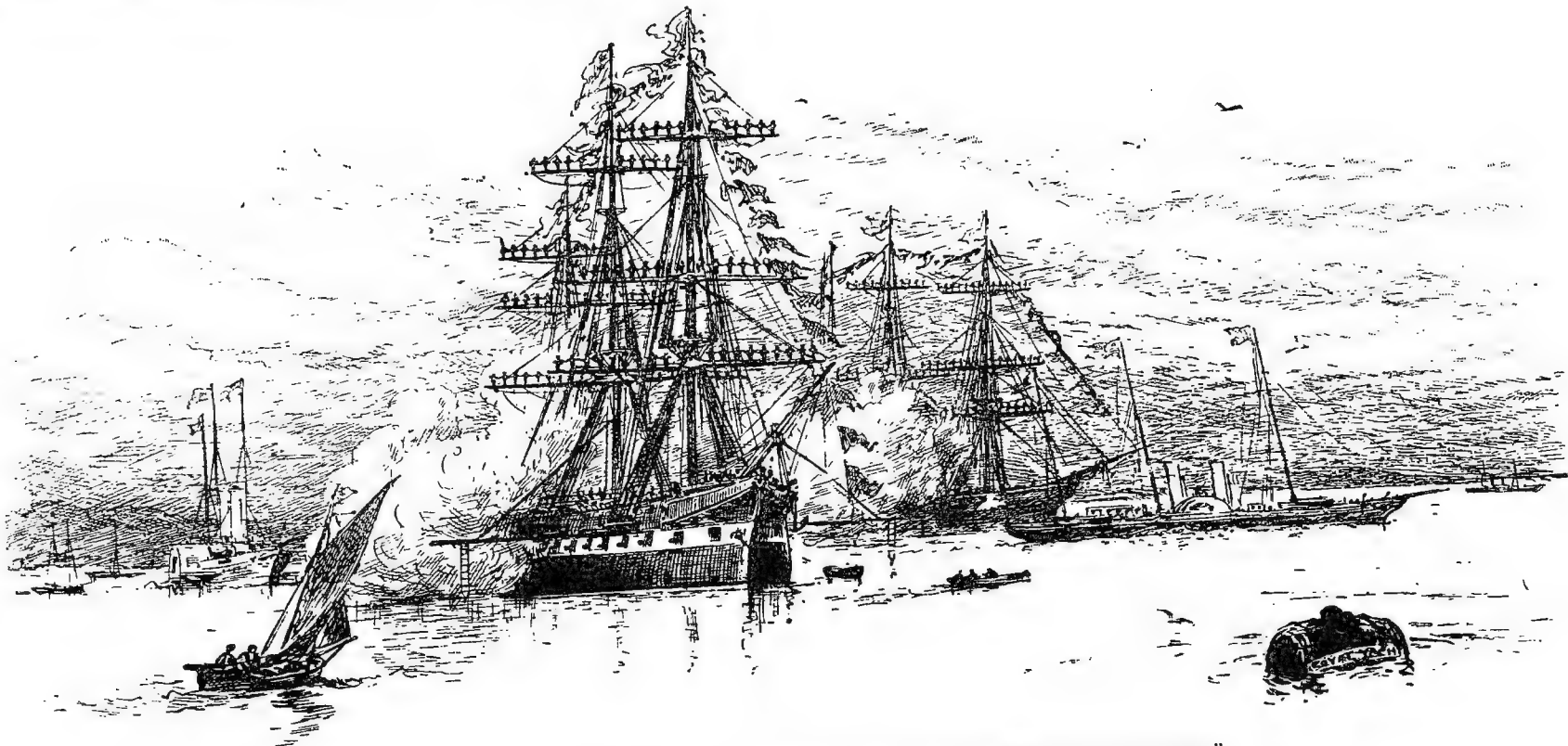
"Berlin, December 31st, 1888."



GERMANY is deeply interested in the reception of her Emperor in England. This being an official visit, the Emperor brings with him Count Herbert Bismarck and a large suite, whilst His Majesty's yacht *Hohenzollern* is escorted by a powerful ironclad squadron of ten vessels. Before starting for England the Emperor spent several days at Wilhelmshaven with the Empress on his return from Norway, naval *fêtes* being given in his honour. He will be home again by August 9th to prepare for the Austrian Emperor, who arrives on the 11th, but

IN EASTERN EUROPE no improvement can be reported from CRETE, whence many Christian families have fled in panic. Disorder and bloodshed prevail in many parts of the island, all business is suspended, and the leaders of the insurgent movement are determined not to submit without their grievances being redressed. A deputation has gone to Constantinople to complain to the Porte, which has at last decided to recall the obnoxious Governor, Surtinsky Pasha. A fresh Inquiry Commission will also be despatched with a strong body of troops. The foreign Consuls strive to allay the agitation, and Greece seems to be honestly discouraging the project of annexation, but the outlook is far from hopeful. English war-vessels have gone to Suda Bay, and the French will also despatch several war ships. Notwithstanding alarmist rumours, the situation in SERVIA seems temporarily calmer. Ex-King Milan loudly protests his loyalty to his son, and his contentment with the present state of affairs, while he is ostentatiously civil to such old enemies as the Metropolitan Michael. However, the Metropolitan openly supports Queen Natalie's return, and declares that he will reopen

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—**AUSTRIA** expects a poor harvest, except in the Tyrol. However, the grape crop promises to be splendid, if it is not spoiled by a repetition of the terrible hurricane which swept over Southern Hungary last week. Szegedin suffered especially. Houses and windmills were blown down, and many lives lost.—**RUSSIA**, on the other hand, needs rain grievously. Owing to the drought the vast grain crops in the Southern Provinces will probably fail utterly, while scarcely any fodder is left for the cattle, which are already starving.—In **BELGIUM** the Congo Railway has been constituted, now that Parliament has sanctioned the Government subscription of 400,000*l.* The founders of the scheme gave 200,000*l.*, so only 400,000*l.* remains to be raised by public subscription.—The late unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Emperor of **BRAZIL** was instigated by the Republicans, according to the confession of the criminal, a Portuguese, named Adriano Valles.—The Yellow River in **CHINA** has again burst its banks at Shantung, fifty miles from the mouth. Everything in the neighbourhood has been destroyed, and the country is twelve feet under water.—**JAPAN** has experienced a disastrous earthquake at Kumanoto, near Nagasaki.—A new Crown Colony will be formed in **WEST AFRICA**. By the natives' own choice the oil rivers from Benin to Old Calabar are to be placed under British control.



THE "ALBERTA," WITH THE QUEEN ON BOARD, PASSING THE GERMAN TRAINING FRIGATE "NIOBE"

THE marriage of Princess Louise of Wales with Lord Fife was duly celebrated on Saturday in Buckingham Palace Chapel. As the wedding is fully described and illustrated in our Special Number, only an outline of the proceedings need be given here. The Queen with Prince and Princess Henry came to town from Osborne on the preceding day, and went immediately to Marlborough House to see the bride-elect and her presents. In the evening Her Majesty gave

a dinner-party at the Palace, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and family, Prince and Princess Christian with their daughters, the Duke of Cambridge and the Teck family, and the Earl of Fife. The ceremony next day took place at noon in the Palace Chapel, which had been beautifully decorated with flowers under Princess Louise's direction, Princess Beatrice superintending the floral decorations in the Palace itself. Besides the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family in England, the King of the Hellenes, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Danish Crown Prince were also present. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the Service, assisted by the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Rector of Sandringham, and the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, and the Prince of Wales gave his daughter away. The bride wore white satin, covered with *point de gaze* lace, and veil of the same, a tiny spray of white heather—good luck—ornamenting her bodice, while the bouquet was of white moss roses

and orange-blossom. Lord Fife was in the green and silver uniform of the Banffshire Artillery, and the eight bridesmaids were dressed in pale pink, with knots of pale pink moss roses in their hair, matching their bouquets. After the ceremony the Princess Louise embraced the Queen and her mother, and Lord Fife kissed their hands, the bride and bridegroom then heading the procession to the Lower Drawing-Room to sign the register, and subsequently to the State Dining-Room for the Wedding Breakfast. The bridal party were next photographed in the garden, and later left for Marlborough House, where other guests assembled to greet the happy pair. The bride and bridegroom left late in the afternoon for Sheen House, and received an enthusiastic welcome on the road, especially at Sheen, where bouquets and gifts were presented to the Princess. The Duke of Fife and his bride remain at Sheen for a fortnight, and will then go to Scotland.

The Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry, returned to Osborne

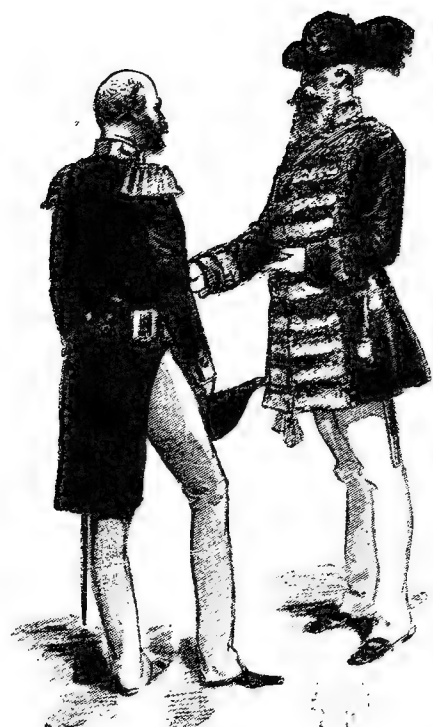




A SERVANT OF THE COURT



THE EMPEROR'S COACHMAN



AN OFFICIAL OF THE COURT MARSHAL'S STAFF      ONE OF THE COURT FORESTERS



THE EMPEROR IN STATE ROBES, AS USED AT A COURT CEREMONY



THE EMPEROR'S PAGE

COSTUMES OF THE PRUSSIAN COURT



COUNT WALDERSEE  
Chief of the General Staff of the Army



COUNT BISMARCK  
State Secretary of the Foreign Office

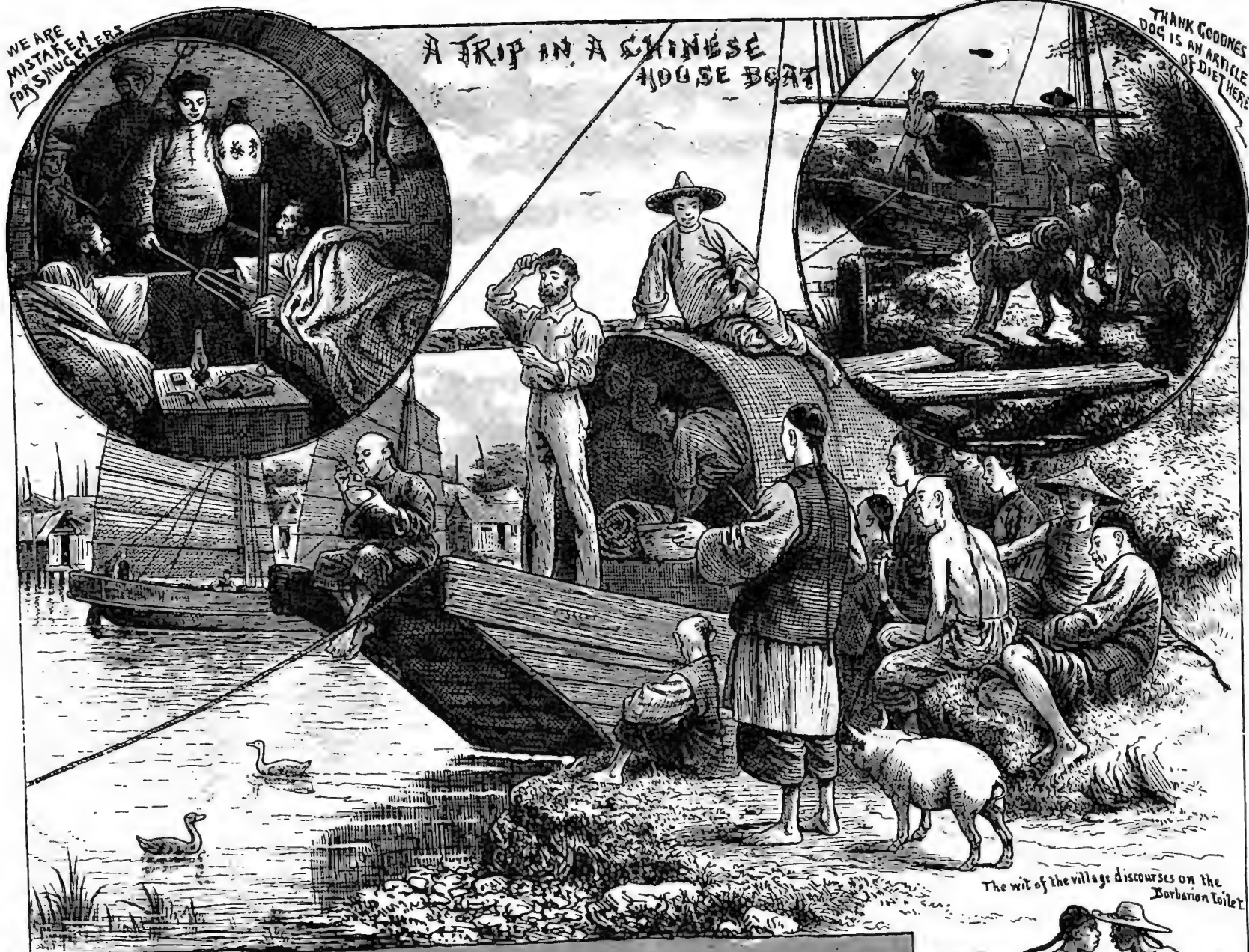


VICE-ADMIRAL BARON VON DER GOLTZ  
Chief of the Admiralty

SOME OF THE EMPEROR'S CHIEF ADVISERS



# A TRIP IN A CHINESE HOUSE BOAT



The wit of the village discourses on the Borbarian Toilet



Rivals rapidly approaching our shooting ground Five minutes for Tiffin... The fowl is adamant



A little Argument



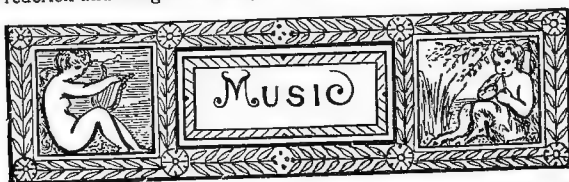
Some of the crew



immediately after her grand-daughter's wedding. Whilst crossing from Gosport to Cowes in the *Alberta* the Royal party made a tour of the fleet assembled at Spithead, the yards being manned, and a salute fired as Her Majesty passed. (Our illustration on page 147, which is from a sketch by Mr. J. W. Haynes, depicts this incident.) On Sunday the Queen, with the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service at Osborne. The Shah of Persia arrived on Monday to bid farewell to Her Majesty. The Queen first received His Majesty in private audience, when Her Majesty presented him with her portrait set in diamonds, which the Shah immediately hung round his neck. The Order of the Bath was then conferred on the Grand Vizier, and the Queen also held a general reception of the Persian suite to distribute various decorations. The Shah afterwards drove round the grounds with Prince and Princess Henry, and planted a fir-tree, finally bidding the Royal party good-bye as he embarked on board the *Victoria* and *Albert* for Cherbourg. Yesterday (Friday) the German Emperor moved arrive at Osborne on a visit to the Queen, a family dinner-party being given in his honour at night. To-day (Saturday) Her Majesty will watch the Naval inspection from a distance, probably from Trinity Pier. The Queen is far from well, though she now suffers less from rheumatism, thanks to the sea-air and cooler weather. Her Majesty may probably try a course of baths at Strathpeffer, in Ross-shire, during the autumn, and it is even stated that a long sea-voyage has been recommended for her health, such as a trip to America or India. Meanwhile the Queen remains at Osborne till the 22nd, when the Royal party start for North Wales. Prince Henry of Battenberg was installed as Governor of the Isle of Wight on Monday.

of Night on Monday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and family with the King of the Hellenes went to the Opera on Saturday evening, when the "Wedding March" and the "National Anthem" were performed in honour of the Royal marriage. On Sunday morning they went to church, and in the afternoon the Prince accompanied the Duke of Cambridge to St. James's Palace to inspect the late Duchess's apartments, which are to be arranged for Prince Albert Victor. Next day the Royal party broke up, the King of the Hellenes and the Danish Crown Prince leaving for Copenhagen, Princes Albert Victor and George returning to York and Portsmouth respectively, while the Prince and Princess and daughters went down to Goodwood to be present at the races for the first time for two years. They occupied the Duke of Richmond's house, and attended the races each day till Friday, when they took up their quarters on board the *Osborne* for the yachting fortnight. Later in the day the Prince steamed to the Nab to meet the German Emperor in the *Hohenzollern*, and for the next few days he will do the honours to his Royal nephew until Emperor William leaves on Thursday. The Prince will accompany the Emperor during the naval inspection to-day (Saturday), will escort him through the Fleet to-morrow, while on Tuesday he goes with the German Sovereign to Portsmouth Dockyard, and the next day to the Aldershot Review.—Prince Albert Victor starts for India on October 17th, and will be away seven months.—The Duke of Edinburgh has joined his wife on her visit to the Russian Imperial Family at Peterhof, and will be present at the wedding of the Grand Duke Peter Nicolaevitch with Princess Miliza of Montenegro. The marriage will be celebrated very quietly, owing to the dangerous illness of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Constantine.—Princess Louise goes to Germany shortly.—The Duchess of Albany and children are staying with her family at Pyrmont, where she witnessed on Saturday the confirmation of her youngest sister, Princess Elizabeth.—The Grand Duke of Hesse left England on Sunday, but he will shortly return with Princess Alix to visit the Queen in Scotland, the Empress Frederick and daughters also joining the party.



THE ROYAL WEDDING MUSIC.—The music performed at the Royal Wedding on Saturday was, in some respects, of a rather more interesting character than usual. The clergy were received with a "Nuptial March" specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Jekyll, organist of the Chapel Royal. It is, we believe, not yet published. The Queen's procession was received with the March from the *Occasional Oratorio*, composed by Handel to celebrate the suppression of the Stuart rebellion in 1745. This March, it will be recollected, forms the last movement of the overture, and at its performance at the Handel Festival it is invariably encores. The bridegroom walked up the chapel at Buckingham Palace to the strains of the "Pilgrim's March" from *Tannhäuser*, while the bride's procession was accompanied by the wedding music from *Lohengrin*. The last, although now popular at weddings, is more appropriate for the beauty of its music than for its association with the sad story of the opera. For, as music-lovers will recollect, in *Lohengrin* the bride is separated from her husband on their wedding day, and for the more or less venial sin of female curiosity is destined never to see her lord again. Before the Archbishop's address to the young married couple, an anthem, specially composed by Mr. Barnby, was sung by the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. It is entitled, "Oh, Perfect Love!" is dedicated to the bride, and is set to words written by Dorothy Blomfield, daughter of the Bishop, and already familiar to us through the marriage hymn by Dr. W. H. Monk, so frequently heard at weddings. Mr. Barnby's anthem, though admirable for its melodiousness and for the skilful manner in which it is harmonised for the four-part chorus, is of a comparatively simple character, as it is intended to be used at marriages generally, and is therefore quite within the means of an ordinary church choir.

THE OPERAS.—We understand it is likely that Mr. Augustus Harris's projected autumnal season of Italian Opera at Drury Lane will not pass without opposition. Señor Lago has an idea of opening a five weeks' season at Covent Garden at the close of the Promenade Concerts, and Mr. J. H. Mapleson has already made an offer to hire the house during the same period. Tenor, soprano, tenor

The provincial troupe directed by Mr. J. W. Turner, once a tenor of the Carl Rosa company, commenced a brief season at the Princess's on Monday, with Wallace's *Marilyn*. The company is hardly equal to the metropolitan standard, but the most satisfactory artist on Monday was Miss Duncan, who played the titular part.

The summer opera season closed last Saturday, when *Otello* was given for the last time at the Lyceum, and *Roméo et Juliette* was performed at the Royal Italian Opera. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and a large number of the Royal Wedding guests, were present at Covent Garden, and at the close of the opera Signor Mancinelli conducted Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the whole audience meanwhile upstanding. The repertory of the Covent Garden season has included sixteen operas, whereof, according to the management, *Die Meistersinger* and *Roméo* drew the largest houses. In regard to the number of performances, *Roméo* and *Faust* headed the list with seven representations each, followed by *Lohengrin*, six; *Carmen* and *Die Meistersinger*, four; *Traviata*, *Aida*, *Don Giovanni* and *Les Huguenots*, three; *The Pearl Fishers*, *Sonnambula*, *Figaro*, *Rigoletto*, and *Trovatore*, two; and *Mefistofele* and *Guillaume Tell* one performance each. The only

promise remaining unfilled is the revival of *Le Prophète*, which is postponed until next year. Next season also Mr. Harris propose, to revive *Tannhäuser* in Italian, and, if possible, to give *Hamlet*. Wagner's *Die Walküre*, and Gluck's *Orfeo*, or, at least, one of them.

**STUDENTS' CONCERTS.**—The annual orchestral concert was given by the Royal College Students last week. The most successful items of the programme were Brahms' first pianoforte concerto in D minor, of the enormous difficulties of which that remarkably clever player, Miss Ethel Sharpe, made light, and Mozart's "Deh vieni," capitolly sung by Miss Marie Richardson, a young lady who was admitted to a Royal College Studentship, from the Potteries. The "Good Friday" music from Wagner's *Parsifal* was somewhat beyond the students' powers, but a capital rendering was given of Dvorak's "Symphonic Variations" and M. Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "Phaeton." The orchestra, which was almost entirely composed of students, was conducted by Professor Villiers Stanford. On Friday, likewise gave their

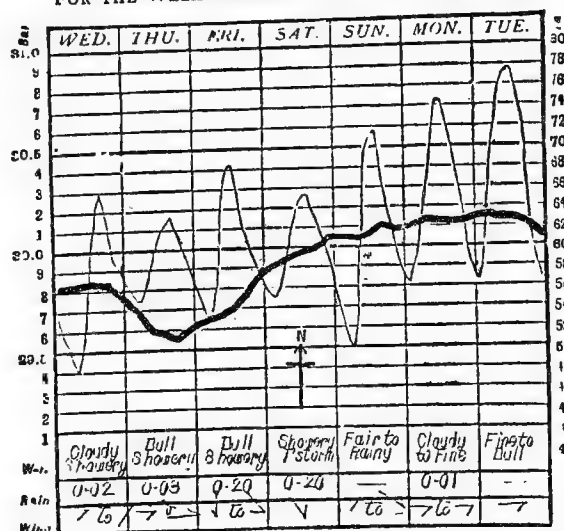
The Royal Academy students, on Friday, likewise gave their orchestral concert. Three of the works announced in the programme were by students, that is to say a melodious romance for orchestra by Mr. Nunn, the cleverly-written slow movement from a MS. symphony by Mr. Steggall, and a "Ballade" for orchestra by Mr. Learmont Drysdale, entitled "The Spirit of the Glen." Mr. Drysdale is a young Scotchan, and like Mr. Hamish McCann, he seems to have caught the very spirit of the national Scottish style. He is yet very young, but his future will be watched with interest.

He is yet very young, but his performance in the Royal Academy Concert was the first. The special novelty of the performance in London of Weber's "Hymne," or anthem, "In Constant Order." The work had already twice been given in Manchester, and doubtless also elsewhere, so that Dr. Mackenzie's claim of conducting the "first performance in England" was unfounded. The anthem was written when the composer was only twenty-six, and before his own individuality had triumphed over the influence of the music of Mozart. Two numbers of the anthem stand out from the rest. The first is a chorale based upon the tune of the old German chorale, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," which Sebastian Bach used for five of the chorales in his *St. Matthew* "Passion Music." But the best written number of the whole work is indisputably the long and magnificent fugue with which the anthem concludes. Lady De Grey on Saturday distributed the prizes to the students, and in the course of his speech Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the principal, referred to the fact that there were nearly 500 pupils in the Academy.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Preparations are being rapidly pushed forward for the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden on the 10th inst., and at Her Majesty's a few days later.—The sudden death is announced, of consumption, at the age of eighteen, of Mr. Harry Ball, a promising young scholar at the Royal College of Music.—For the Norwich Festival Dr. Hubert Parry has undertaken to write a sacred cantata. *Judas Maccabæus* will begin and *Elijah* will close the Festival.—Messrs. Paterson, of Edinburgh, have commissioned Mr. Hamish McCann to write for them a new Scottish cantata, entitled *The Cameronian's Dream*. This will be given in the course of the Winter Concerts, together with Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new choral cantata, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, originally announced for the Birmingham Festival.—Madame Patti is expected in England from Buenos Ayres on the 10th inst.—Madame Fioretti, who some years ago was a popular operatic *prima donna* in London, died last month in Italy, at the age of fifty-two.—Boito has written the libretto for a new four-act opera, *Parisina*, composed by a young Italian pianist, Signorina Gilda Ruta. It will be produced in Rome next winter.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1889.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (30th ult.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been unsettled, rainy, and decidedly cool generally. During the early part of the week pressure was high, and the wind was from the North-East, and the weather was generally high and in an anticyclone, which was lying over Spain and France, and lowest in a well-marked depression, whose centre subsequently travelled from the Atlantic across Scotland in an Easterly direction. The wind at the first, was from the North-East, but veered to the North, and then to the North-West, and therefore, from the Southward, but veered to the Eastward as it crossed the country, and to the Westward in the South as the disturbance progressed across the country, while finally they drew into the Northward generally. In force these winds reached a fresh gale from the South-Westward in some of the Channel Stations, and blew strongly from the North-Eastward over Scotland. Dull weather was experienced in most parts of the country, and thunderstorms occurred in many places over England, accompanied by occasional sharp falls of rain. In the rear of the disturbance, and in the interval, the pressure rose slowly over the whole of the United Kingdom from the West Coast of Norway through Great Britain to France and Germany. Strong South-Easterly breezes were felt on our South-Western Coasts, but in most other localities the wind was very light in force, and variable in direction. The weather, although locally fine and bright in many parts of the United Kingdom, was foggy at many of the Western Stations, and dull or cloudy at the majority of places. The mid-day temperature was considerably below the average during the greater part of the week, the deficit amounting to as much as 10° or more at some of the English Stations. At the close of the period a distinct improvement in this respect, however, was noticed, when the normal values were reached in several parts of the country.

In London the barometer was highest (30.15 inches) on Tuesday (30th ult.); lowest (29.56 inches) on Thursday (25th ult.); range 0.59 inch. The temperature was highest (77°) on Tuesday (30th ult.); lowest (48°) on Wednesday (24th ult.); range 29°.

Rain fell on five days. Total fall 0.46 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.20 inch on Friday and Saturday (26th and 27th ult.).

THE CZAR has a great dread of railway travelling since the Borki disaster, when the Imperial party narrowly escaped destruction. Extra precautions will be taken, therefore, during his coming visit to Germany. Troops will guard every yard of the route through Russia from St. Petersburg *via* Wirballen and Eydtkuhn, and the line has been minutely inspected and repaired throughout. His Majesty will travel in a special train which formerly belonged to the ex-Empress Eugénie.



A "TRICYCLE-CAB" is plying for hire in Berlin. It is propelled by two riders, and carries two passengers.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT OWEN STANLEY IN NEW GUINEA recently accomplished by Sir W. MacGregor, will probably win for the explorer the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES bore three different titles at intervals during her wedding-day. Before her marriage she was Princess Louise of Wales; after the ceremony she had become Countess of Fife, and after the wedding-breakfast she was Duchess of Fife, the Queen having created her husband Marquis of Macduff and Duke of Fife.

THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY will shortly contain some fine full-length portraits of Russian Sovereigns, presented on permanent loan by Lord Addington, President of the Russia Company. The portraits represent Peter the Great, Catherine the Great, Nicholas I., and Alexander I. and II., and were given by the Sovereigns themselves to the Company as tokens of amity and good-will.

THE GERMAN EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION seems to be prospering, notwithstanding Dr. Peters' complaints of English interference. The German explorer hopes to be with Emin by the end of October or the beginning of November. Instead of porters, he uses camels and donkeys to carry the stores, each camel doing the work of ten porters. Donkeys will also drag his two small guns, while the doctor himself rides a horse. As far as Vitu the natives have been friendly, and all the members of the expedition are in good health and spirits.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER running through the Vosges is being carefully rectified by officials from the two countries. In some places the frontier line passes through such dense forests that extensive clearings have to be made to mark the divisions and erect the frontier posts. The Germans have put up two hundred posts, strong iron columns cemented into granite beds so as to prevent any malicious removal of the boundary mark. At the top of each post is a big disc bearing the Hohenzollern eagle in black, surrounded by red and white bands to complete the national colours, and inscribed "German Empire."

THE FOUNTAIN OF ETERNAL YOUTH exists in Nevada, U.S.A.—so says the *New York Herald*. A septuagenarian negro recently found a clear spring, of which he drank repeatedly. At the end of a month his grey hairs had turned black, his failing sight was restored, his steps became firm, and he was a strong young man again. This discovery rivals M. Brown-Séquard's Life Elixir, which has created so much amusement and satire in Paris. Last week the *Lancet* reported the case of a gentleman aged sixty-two, who had become bald at a comparatively early age. Recently he was severely burnt about the head during a gas explosion, since when his head has been covered with a thin coating of brown hair.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased slightly again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,553 against 1,556 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 3, and 275 below the average. The death rate also fell to 18.6 per 1,000. The casualties from diarrhoea and dysentery declined to 271 (a decrease of 3), while the fatal cases of cholera and choleraic diarrhoea remained at 10. There were 44 deaths from diphtheria (an increase of 21), 20 from measles (a fall of 9), 19 from whooping-cough (a decline of 10), 8 from enteric fever (a rise of 2), 6 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 12), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Ten persons were drowned, six committed suicide, and nine infants under a year old were suffocated. There were 2,736 births registered—an increase of 109, but 411 below the usual return.

A SWEEPING REFORM IN RAILWAY FARES begins this week on the Hungarian State Lines. The Government propose to carry travellers at almost uniform charges, like letters, dividing the distances into two zones, local and general. The local zones comprise two charges: one from station to station, *6d.*, *3d.*, and *2d.* according to class; the second including the whole distance, and costing *8d.*, *4½d.*, and *3d.* The general zones vary from 15 miles to beyond 140 miles, and are subdivided into fourteen zones, the fares for each zone, from the first to the twelfth, being *10d.*, *8d.*, and *5d.*; and, for the two last, *1s. 8d.*, *1s. 2d.*, and *1cd.* apiece. Distances beyond 140 miles cost no more: for example, the journey from Buda-Pesth to Fiume on the Adriatic can now be made for *13s. 8d.* instead of *3l. 1s.* This plan appears excellent for long distances, but it is doubtful whether it will answer for short journeys. If it succeeds, the private Hungarian lines will be obliged to adopt the system.

A PICTURESQUE VINTAGE FÊTE takes place next week at Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva. For centuries past the Fête des Vignerons has been a regular national celebration, held at intervals of fifteen to twenty years; and, as no festival has been held since 1866, the coming display arouses special interest. The *fête* includes a grand mythological procession, with open-air operatic and ballad performances, in the Vevey market-place, which is converted for the occasion into a vast amphitheatre, with the lake and mountains as background. Some 1,300 persons take part—all inhabitants of Canton Vaud, who have been rehearsing for the past six months. The performances represent the rural occupations of the year, illustrated by processions of the Seasons, the Goddess Ceres, with Nymphs, Fauns, and Dryads, and Bacchus, with Pan, Silenus, Satyrs, and Bacchantes, each troop being headed by a High Priest with stentorian voice. The troop representing Winter is especially interesting, comprising twenty-two young couples in the ancient costumes of the twenty-two Swiss Cantons.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—All methods of locomotion are now being tried by visitors to the Exhibition. Three Viennese are now on their road to Paris with a wheelbarrow, which each occupies in turn, trundled by his two comrades. They have already reached Strassburg, and hope to be at Paris by Monday to fulfil their boast. "In thirty days from Vienna," which is inscribed on their vehicle. The travellers consist of a cabman and two butchers.—The Tonkinese Buddhist pagoda has at last been completed, so that the bonzes are able to perform their Services, watched by the public from the gallery running round "The Temple of the Gods."—A detachment of American militia from Massachusetts, a deputation of Swiss riflemen to compete at the coming "Tir National," and a Belgian Philharmonic Society are the latest foreign visitors.—Medals will be given by the Government to all the best workmen on the Eiffel Tower. Those who worked continuously at the Tower from January, 1888, to March 31st, 1889, will receive silver medals; while the occasional *employés* will have bronze medals.—Itinerant vendors of small Exhibition *souvenirs*, guides, tickets, views, &c., are no longer allowed in the Exhibition precincts, and have raised a considerable clamour over the prohibition.—The banquet to the provincial mayors on the 18th inst. will be a monster feast, 16,000 guests being expected. Cooks, waiters, and general helpers will form a regiment in themselves, numbering fully 500 persons.

**MARRIAGE**

**WILLSON-WINTJEN.**—On the 30th ult., at St. Luke's, Hackney, by the Rev W. H. Langhorne, **WILLIAM**, son of George Willson, Esq., of Ramsgate, to **FLORENCE EMILY**, daughter of the late J. Wintjen, Esq., of Hackney.







## THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE

SEEN from the deck of a steamer, Freetown, the port and capital of Sierra Leone, is by no means so repellent in appearance as we should expect from its gruesome cognomen. It is situated picturesquely enough on the peninsula of Sierra Leone, just within the broad mouth of the river of that name; water before it, the low, green mountain behind it, and its houses almost hidden in the palm trees that grow in every garden. Soon after the gun that announces our arrival has awakened the many answering echoes that rattle among the hills, we are boarded by specimens of the many races that inhabit the place. Here is the English judge, come, according to his custom, to see if there is any one he knows on board. Then there is the black washerwoman in her English dress, except for her head, which is attired in a gaudy bandana; next we notice the Mahommedan negroes, known as the Mandingoes, the original inhabitants of the place before England acquired it as a settlement for all negroes released from captured slave-ships. The descendants of these people have acquired the English dress, language, and religion; while the Mandingo retains his Mahommedanism, his flowing robe, and turban, and has only learnt English enough to enable him to name the prices of the ornamental leather-work which he has brought to sell to passengers. Swords and daggers he has in leather sheaths, envired and worked with other leathers of various colours; powder horns and pouches of the same material he shows us of similar workmanship, but everything is of a warlike nature.

These frenzied creatures, shouting and gesticulating all at once, and almost fighting in the efforts of each crew to get their own boat first to the ladder, are Krooboyas, anxious to be engaged to work cargo along the Guinea coast to which the ship is about to proceed, a coast where hard work is out of the question for European sailors. They are decently clad now, but once they are engaged their clothes will be put away, and we shall see them on deck clad in little more than a waist-cloth—a somewhat striking sight for ladies on their first voyage.

And now let us go ashore; it is an easy matter here, there is no venturing one's life through a raging surf in a great boat propelled by ten naked paddlers, as is the case at the Gold Coast. Here we take our seats in a moderate-sized boat, and are rowed, not paddled, by a couple of decently-dressed negroes, who direct us in English how to allow for the current in steering—no European would attempt to steer through a Gold Coast surf; he leaves his boat and his life in the hands of the unclad negro, who stands erect steering with an oar, and shouting his commands in Fantee. There is no being carried through the water by naked negroes when we land here; the boat runs alongside the broad stone steps, and we set foot on Africa.

Along the wide grassy streets we take our way to the only sight of the town—the vegetable market, a long, broad, airy building that might be copied with advantage at Covent Garden. Here we see pines, oranges, limes, bananas, and melons in profusion, and, better than all, the avocado pear, the best thing for a salad that West Africa produces. Brown-looking roots we see also, used by the natives as medicines for divers complaints.

Coming out of the cool market into the hot glare of the street, we see opposite us the Court House, where the English judge is wont to listen to the arguments of negro barristers. But we desire

something more refreshing than forensic eloquence just now, and so will lose no time in looking up our friends at the barracks. Up the hill we toil, along roads where the houses are embowered in gardens of flowering shrubs, past Government House, and still upwards through an atmosphere that reeks like a vapour bath with a mist that is fever visible, and at last we reach the billiard-room. Here we find the India Regiment, and find our way to the billiard-room. Here we find well-known faces that light up with welcome, greetings and inquiries are exchanged—inquiries to which the answer is too often "Dead!" We have not been here a minute before the hospitable question inevitable on the West Coast is put, and big tumblers with something effervescent and stimulating inside are presented by the black mess-waiter clad in a curious costume consisting of a white jacket and baggy blue Zouave breeches, with a yellow stripe.

And now the sable warrior takes us upstairs to the quarters of the old pal we have particularly come to see—the junior surgeon. Him we find half asleep in a hammock, from which he emerges to gaze for a moment ere recognition dawns upon his sleepy senses. Then warm indeed is his welcome, as he looks upon eyes that, but for his kindly care, would long ago have been closed for ever by a "coast fever." As the best thing he can offer us, he proposes a bath; and we descend to the swimming-bath of the barracks, into which a stream of deliciously cold water from the mountain-top pours perpetually. It is pleasant, but dangerous; many is the chill that has been caught by men who, warm from walking, have sought refreshment in these cold waters. In this climate a chill means fever, and a fever, too often, means speedy death—that is to say, a swim on Monday, and a military funeral on Thursday. With this in mind, we soon come out; and then dinner is suggested, and we descend the hill to go on board for dress-clothes. These are crammed into a bag, which a black servant takes charge of; we invest another sixpence in a boat, land, and race frantically up the hill; for time is short, and military messes wait for no man. A hurried toilet is made, and we descend to the ante-room, where an introduction to the Colonel is effected, and in another minute we are seated at a long table, brilliant with scarlet and with the blue jackets of the surgeons, drinking dry champagne, poured by black soldiers into silver cups, while a punkah within and the band outside combine to make one think that one might do worse than dine with the —th V.L.

The ship will not start till next morning, so the surgeon provides a hammock in which one can pass the night comfortably enough, provided one does not roll out. In the morning there is another swim, a walk down the hill, and good-bye to the surgeon, who is on duty at the hospital.

Arriving at the water steps we find the mate in a boat with half-a-dozen black police, whom he is about to take on board. It seems there were "ructions" on the ship last night: some of the English sailors, having obtained more rum than was good for them, tried to go ashore without leave. They were, therefore, locked up in the wheelhouse, but broke the bars before the windows and got out. They are now—white men as they are—to suffer the ignominy of a Court sitting, so no time is lost, the captain goes ashore to prosecute, and in a couple of hours returns, leaving his men in prison. The anchor is got up, and soon the place containing the nearest approach to civilisation on the West Coast fades from sight, and we

are carried on to spend the next two years—if we live so long—amongst the naked savages of the Gold Coast.

In two months the news comes that the senior surgeon, who was at that dinner at Sierra Leone, is dead—for it is not for nothing that Sierra Leone is called the White Man's Grave. E. E.

## PROVINS

NOT one in ten thousand of the crowds that flock to Paris this season will ever dream of visiting Provins, the Provins of Roses as it is called, of Abeillard, too, and of Guyot. Yet it is there close at hand—not on the great highway, though, luckily for those who live there—one of the quaintest, prettiest nooks in Europe.

It is little more than a village now, but in very early days it seems to have been an important town, one strongly fortified, too, if we may judge by the great ramparts which wind around La Ville Basse, and then, by dint of many cunningly-devised curves, contrive to encompass also La Ville Haute—the part of the town built on the top of a rock, which rises almost sheer for some four hundred feet. The glory of La Ville Haute is its church, which dominates the whole country around, its monastery, and its convents; La Ville Basse, on the other hand, boasts of its picturesque old buildings, its avenue of giant trees, and, above all, its river.

During all the months I passed in Provins, I never once heard the name of this river; the Seine, or the Loire, may require distinguishing appellations, but for the Provinois there is in this world emphatically but one river. In truth, I must confess the stream really seems to have an individuality of its own, it indulges in such inexplicable twists and twirls, flowing under houses one moment, making its way up the hill-side the next, and always appearing in the very place one would least expect to find it. Just beyond the ramparts, separated from the town by a sharp rock, there stands a square, sinister-looking tower, built of black stone. Now it is uninhabited, but in the Middle Ages it was the official residence of the public executioner, and is almost the last of its kind in Europe.

It was in the Monastery at Provins that Abeillard wrote the Disquisitions which spread such dismay amongst the orthodox of his time. He wrote too, whilst there, those letters to Heloise, so full of passionate tenderness, pathos, and love. A tradition still lingers in the neighbourhood that Heloise, in defiance of the thunders of Church, more than once visited Abeillard in Provins; and that the two used to wander together under the shade of the great trees on the ramparts, indulging in sly jokes, perhaps, at the expense of those who thought iron bars could keep them apart.

Guyot, a monk who lived in the early part of the thirteenth century, and who was the first of the grand army of pamphleteers, was a native of Provins. He had a keen scent for detecting abuses, and an unequalled power of fierce invective in denouncing them. Kings, Bishops, dignitaries, nay, the very Pope himself came under the lash of his tongue; it was only the poor and suffering who escaped unscathed. Again and again he was summoned before Councils, censured, threatened; but it was impossible to make him understand that vice in high places must not be attacked; he looked around in such open-eyed wonder when those in authority attempted to give him covert lessons in worldly wisdom, that for very shame

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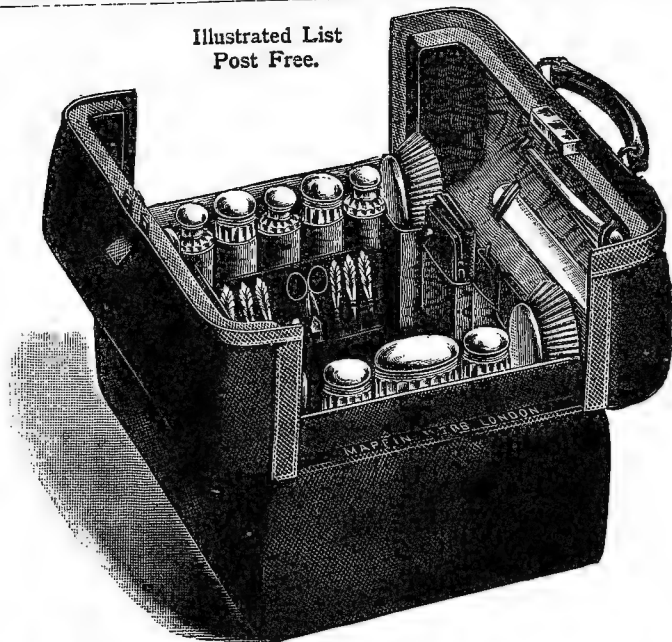
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they were forced to desist, and leave him to spread abroad his fiery pamphlets undisturbed.

During the late war, the Provinois alone, of all the people in France, contrived to live with their German conquerors on terms of friendship and goodwill. Being eminently simple-minded, peace-loving individuals, they had been quite content to receive, without question, the official intimation that all was going well. They had, perhaps, wondered vaguely sometimes why their Emperor was so long in arriving at Berlin; but no suspicion of disaster entered their minds until one morning the news came that the Prussians were within a few hours' march of the town. Every man, woman, and child then rushed into the market-place wild with terror, for Prussian in their eyes was synonymous with Bashi-Bazouk or cannibal. The thought of offering resistance never occurred to them; their one anxiety was to discover how they might best turn away the wrath of these terrible invaders.

"Que faut-il faire, mon Dieu? Que faut-il faire?" was heard on all sides, with tears and sobs. The Sous-Préfet, the Curé, the lawyer, and all *les gens d'esprit* tore their hair as they realised their helplessness. Now Monsieur le Maire was not counted one of the *gens d'esprit*—in fact, as his fellow-townsmen knew well, he owed his position to his wealth and good temper, not his brains—no one, therefore, thought of appealing to him for advice. He sat for

some time without uttering a word, whilst his colleagues wildly bewailed the awful fate that surely awaited them: then those who were near noticed a faint smile begin to play around the corners of his mouth, and a suspicion of a twinkle to light up his eyes. "M. le Maire est fou," more than one muttered savagely; and popular indignation would have burst forth at his unseemly manifestation of mirth, if astonishment had not held it within bounds. For suddenly his Worship arose, and raising his hand to command silence, quietly remarked, "These Prussians will be hungry."

The Provinois looked at him in amazement. He paused again, and then added, with a significant glance, "Let us feed them." *Les gens d'esprit* were convinced that M. le Maire had lost his mind. Whatever little reason he had ever possessed, but the crowd caught his meaning, and hailed it with a burst of enthusiastic applause. Within an hour, the Provinois to a man were wending their way to the east, going forth with offerings to propitiate the Prussians. Such offerings too! The most flaky of *patés*, the sweetest of cakes, the best of wines, rosy apples, grapes, baked meats of every sort and kind, for the rich and poor alike had combined in bringing forth all they had that was tempting, bent upon thus winning the favour of the stranger.

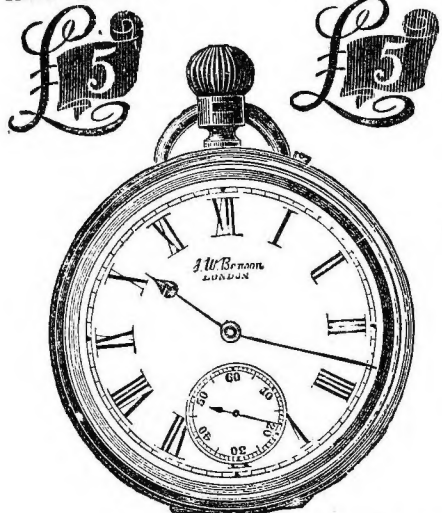
The German scouts, who were sent in advance to reconnoitre,

brought back strange intelligence to their comrades. "The natives have come out to welcome us," they said. At first the soldiers thought there was some mistake, that the Provinois must imagine it was a French army that was approaching; but as the little troop rushed towards them, and, with conciliatory looks and gestures, enquired towards them, and, with the dainties provided, the truth dawned upon them; and although, of course, some of the Teutons shrugged their shoulders with contempt, the great majority accepted their peace-offerings with lively gratitude. Before the Prussian army reached Provins, a strange sight was seen—the little children of the conquered, foot-sore and weary with their long tramp, being carried in the arms of their conquerors, the sternest of whom smiled gently, and muttered, "arme kinder," as he looked down into their tear-stained faces.

Whilst slaughter and outrage were rife through the whole country-side, in Provins peace and brotherly love prevailed; from the first day to the last of their stay in the town, the Germans were treated as honoured guests; and they, on their part, never once failed towards their hosts in all the observances of gentle courtesy. The rest of the nation sneered, scowled, hurled ugly epithets at the head of the Provinois, who, however, to this day, chuckle gently as they relate how they managed to escape the horrors of war.

E. S.

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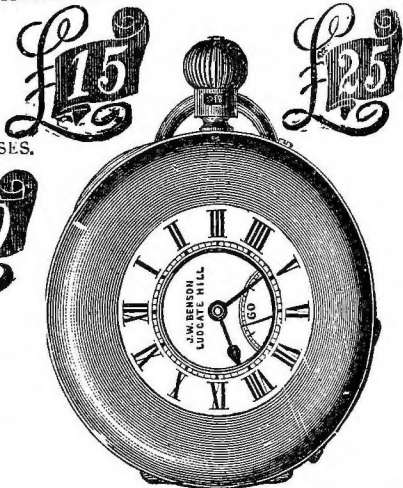
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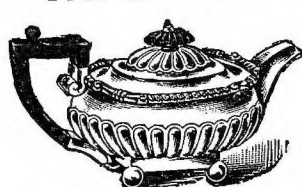
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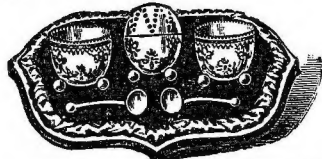
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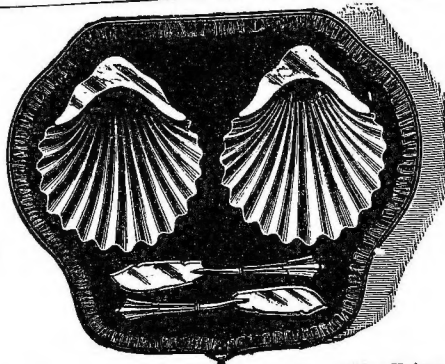
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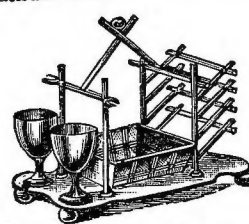
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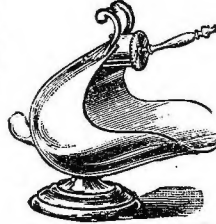
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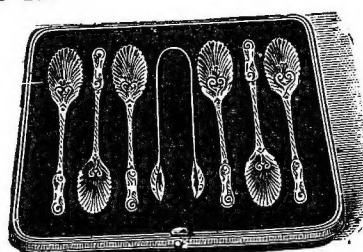
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Sole Makers—GOODWIN BROTHERS, MANCHESTER.





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"Wash our hands."  
"Wash our hands."  
"This is the way we wash our hands"  
"With PEARS' SOAP in the morning."

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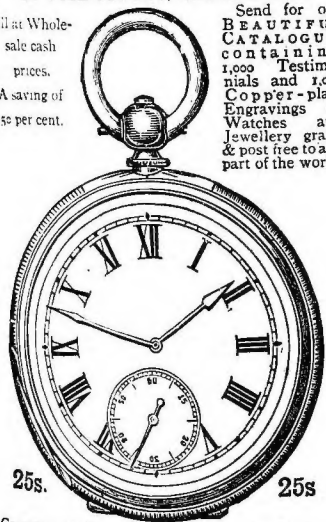
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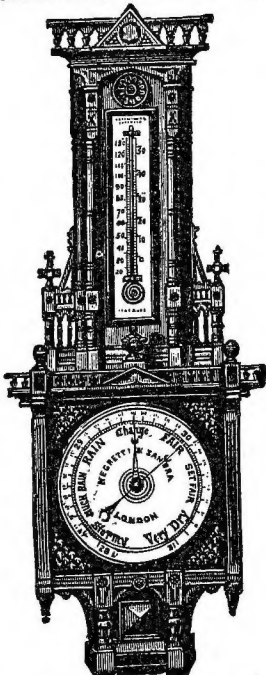
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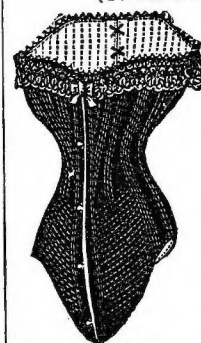
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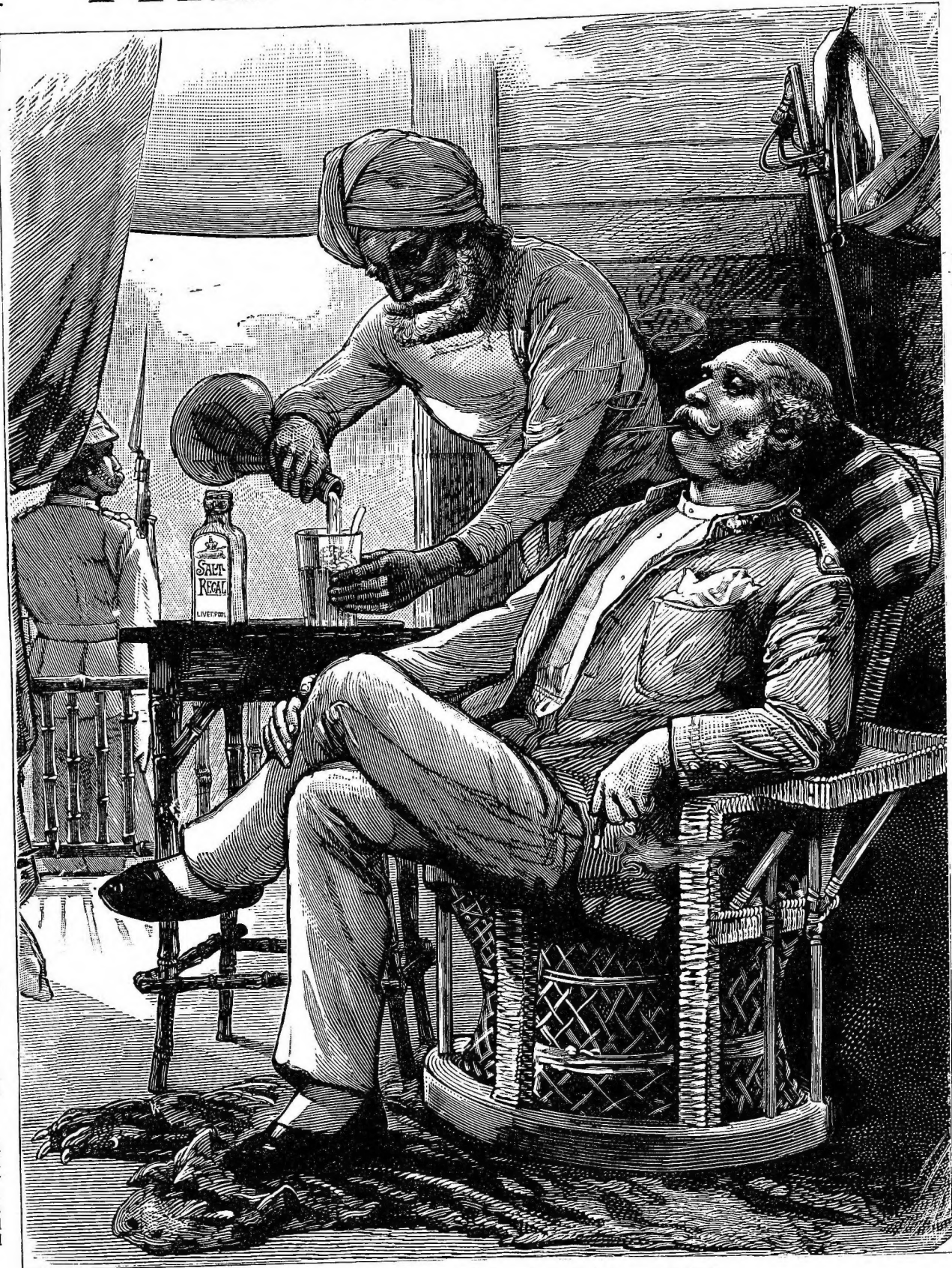
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SALT REGAL IN INDIA.—"Your Salt Regal, Sahib."

**SALT REGAL** is a high-class Antiseptic Salt possessing Hygienic Properties hitherto unknown to Science. A grateful cooling cup, developing Ozone (the principle of life). Will cleanse the mouth, clear the throat, sweeten the breath, and maintain a natural condition of the system. Corrects all the impurities arising from errors of diet—eating or drinking. Salt Regal has the special property of purifying the water in which it is mixed.

SALT REGAL is sold in Bottles (hermetically sealed), price 2s. 9d. It cannot be imitated, and stands alone. Be careful to observe that Salt Regal is a delicate white powder, but it turns the water to a beautiful Rose Pink; unless it does this it is not genuine, and its sale should be at once reported to the Secretary of the Salt Regal Co., Ltd. A real Royal Patent, Not a Patent Medicine. Patent Rights Protected in every civilised Country. All London and Provincial Wholesale Houses regularly stock it.

**SALT REGAL WORKS—LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.**

If SALT REGAL is not procurable from the nearest Chemist a Postal Order for 2s. 9d., addressed to the Manager, Salt Regal Works, Liverpool, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.

"COURT CIRCULAR."

"On account of its antiseptic qualities, a dire foe to fevers and kindred diseases."

Dr. GLENCROSS says—

"Pleasant and easily retained. I think it will prove a great favourite."

Dr. SODEN says—

"It is particularly adaptable in the cases of children."

Dr. MCCORMICK says—

"Should have been known long ago."

Dr. SWITHINBANK says—

"My children are very fond of it. The best I have ever used."

Mr. LESLIE CROTTY (Carl Rosa  
Opera Co.) says—

"Invaluable to the community at large. Its effects are marvellous."

Col. D. WILKIE, H.M. Indian  
Army, Ashbourne, says—

"I duly received the bottle of Salt Regal and approve of it highly."

Lieut.-Col. HUGH BAMER,  
Margate, says—

"I have now used the Salt Regal for two years. I have much pleasure in stating I have found it the pleasantest and most agreeable in taste of all Salines, and a certain cure for bilious headache and furred tongue, from whatever cause arising."

Mr. W. J. KYLE, Gortin, County  
Tyrone, Ireland, says—

"I have no objection to your making use of my name in connection with your valuable Salt Regal. I believe it is one of the most efficacious purifiers of the body. I feel, since I came to use it, a firmness throughout my whole system. I verily believe more will have to be said about this powder when it becomes better known."

A Public Officer of St. John's,  
Antigua, writes under 17th June,  
1889, the following:—

"I take this opportunity of making known to you the importance of Salt Regal, and the good it has done me since I have been taking it. I have sent this testimonial for the purpose of recommendation to others. If it is taken regularly and for some time, sufferers will find themselves in health again as I have done, after eight years' suffering."

Mrs. WALKER, Liverpool,  
says—

"No house should be without it. Mine never shall be."